

*Week ending July 19 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

**Off to sea with my violin under my arm
TED RAY'S OWN STORY**

I JOIN A BUDDHIST PILGRIMAGE—by HARRY HOPKINS



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THE SILVIKRIN
GUIDE
TO HAIR HEALTH

No. 2

Dandruff



The cause Dandruff is, primarily, a disorder of the outermost layer of the scalp. Trichologists believe that a yeast-like micro-organism is responsible. The scalp becomes abnormally dry, and the outermost cell layers flake off, forming the characteristic dandruff 'scales'. These scales then clog the pores of the scalp; gradually the scalp hardens, choking the delicate blood vessels which bring nourishment to the hair roots. This process can only result in extensive thinning of the hair.

The right approach Regular use of a really effective shampoo is essential—and massage with a tonic lotion will soon restore a brisk circulation in the scalp. But the main problem remains: how to nourish

the hair roots? This can be done most quickly and effectively by massaging into the scalp the 18 natural amino-acids which form hair protein. Silvikrin is a scientific and unique preparation containing all of these amino-acids. When you use Silvikrin you are doing something fundamental for your hair's health.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and thinning hair. As a daily tonic dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic lotion or, for dry heads, Silvikrin Lotion with Oil. Pure Silvikrin 12/6. Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—with or without Oil 2/9 (large economy size 4/10). All prices include tax.

Candid comment
from an
outspoken barber

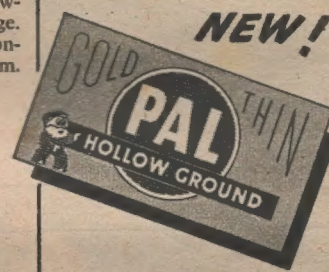


MR. WALLACE, chief assistant to Mr. H. S. Paul, the well-known hairdresser of Davies Street, London, recently made this candid comment: "With a Pal hollow-ground blade," he said, "customers can give themselves as good a shave as I could—and a lot cheaper." It's true. The secret is in the patented hollow-grinding, plus the special Pal multi-stropped edge. That's why Pal Hollow-Ground blades give you wonderfully clean feather-touch shaves—and lots of them. Get some today!

PAL

HOLLOW GROUND
BLADES

Now—a new addition to the Pal range—the new Pal Gold Thin, specially designed for men with tough beards and tender skins. Its super-sharp, flexible edge glides over your face, sweeping your beard away like down. Pal is your best blade buy!



• BLUE HOLLOW-GROUND 6 for 1/- • SINGLE-EDGE and GOLD THIN 5 for 1/-

HOW HANDY HOUSEHOLDERS SAVE MONEY



**SEELASTIK will not
crack, crumble or fall out**

All joints and gaps move with wind, traffic vibration, changes in weather. Thus an enduring seal must stretch without letting go and compress without crumbling. That's just what Seelastik does—clings like a limpet, in gaps between wood, brick, glass, concrete or metal, forming a waterproof seal which can be painted or left its natural pale cream colour. 3/- per large Tube from HARDWAREMEN, SEEDSMEN, etc. Also in cartridges for use with the Expandite Gun from builders' merchants. If any difficulty write:

EXPANDITE LTD., Cunard Rd., N.W.10, Elgar 5151



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ON GREENHOUSES

CORN PAIN

GOES AT ONCE!



Immediately you apply Dr. Scholl's Super-soft Zino-pads painful shoe pressure and friction stop. You can walk or stand for hours without one twinge! Get Dr. Scholl's in the sizes you need, for corns, callouses (hard sore skin on ball of foot), bunions, soft corns between toes. Medicated disks in every packet, 1/- & 2/-. Chemists, shoe dealers, stores & Scholl depots.

Size for Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

No better
WHITE SHOE CLEANER
for all
white
shoes

So Easy
So White
So Lasting

SOLD
EVERYWHERE



JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS LTD. SHEFFIELD

M.P.s laughed—uneasily

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS the other day, Sir Waldron Smithers appealed to the Speaker for guidance on behalf of a constituent of his, a farmer whose ripening crops were being ploughed under to make way for building operations. He was told to consult the Ministers concerned—those of Housing, Works and Agriculture.

"I have—but they won't do anything," Sir Waldron replied.

The House laughed, but it was uneasy laughter.

How many people realize that good farm land equal to that of a small county has been built over since the war?

Only when some notable case of the destruction of standing crops makes newspaper headlines do ordinary folk get a glimpse of the preposterous havoc that is being perpetrated.

WHATEVER the merits of the case mentioned by Sir Waldron, the stark problem which it underlines—homes versus food—has got to be faced.

The law says that the authorities may compulsorily buy land required for building houses and certain other projects.

Towns usually stand in fairly level, fertile districts.

When a town council or urban district council wants to build a new estate it looks at its fringes and decides which will be the most convenient site.

That means most convenient from the town's point of view, not the agricultural point of view.

Level, cultivated fields are the most attractive proposition for the builders. There it is easier to lay on water and other services, to make roads, and to group the largest number of buildings which local housing policy allows to be built to the acre.

So the purchase order is made, another farmer goes out of business (for he will be lucky nowadays to find a fresh farm), and a little more food has to be imported from abroad to make up for the crops which will never again be grown

where the new houses now stand.

"I shall get full compensation for crops and land," says a Kent farmer whose eighteen acres of wheat were handed to the builders a month before harvest, "but, as a farmer, I say it's wrong."

It is not necessary to be a farmer to say that it is wrong. Even a person in need of a home will agree that there is no use having a new house if there is nothing to eat in its larder.

Every year nearly 200 good-sized, food-producing farms disappear from the agricultural map of Britain.

THE retort to all this lament is, of course: "We must build houses!"

Of course we must build houses. Of course some land must be given up to bricks and mortar.

Even to build 200,000 houses a year, which everyone agrees is insufficient, around 18,000 acres must be found. But not nearly enough trouble is taken to avoid using the best agricultural land.

OVER the case of Sir Waldron's constituent the law had been satisfied. It is quite certain that in many other cases the law is far too easily satisfied.

There is insufficient obligation to choose the unproductive land first. Yet in nearly every district such selection is possible.

It may be a little more expensive to pipe water and lay on other services to one site rather than another. The plan may look less tidy on paper and the legal problems be more complicated.

But these are handicaps which can be overcome.

BRITISH people tend to live in small houses of which only a dozen or so can be built on every acre.

Therefore those precious acres must be carefully chosen, not on grounds of expense and the borough surveyor's convenience, but with an eye to the future—a future in which an increasing proportion of the food we eat may have to come from our own soil.

The man who loved dogs...



BOB MARTIN'S—it's a household name today!

How did it start?

The story begins with one man, a man who loved dogs.

The late Robert William Martin spent a lifetime in the study and care of dogs. He knew that show-dogs had to be fit to win. Thus was formulated what he was later to term a "condition powder," which brought dogs into perfect condition and kept them there.

Breeders used this preparation with such success that early in this century it was decided to make the preparation available to the public. Today, from the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport, Condition Powder Tablets are sent to nearly every part of the globe.



health and they are the ones your dog often doesn't get in his food. By improving his appetite and making sure he gets the full nourishment from his food, and by toning-up the dog's whole system, they provide a natural safeguard against loss of condition.

Remember, dogs can't talk. They need your help when they're not feeling well—but they can't

ask for it. You wouldn't deliberately ill-treat your dog, but do you give him all the care and understanding his love and loyalty deserve?

Now the hot weather's coming, look for the danger signs given below

Why do more than a million dogs in Great Britain have their Bob Martin's regularly? Why should your dog need conditioning?

Well, for one thing, it is almost impossible for you to give him an ideal diet these days. And he has only the exercise you can give him, which may not always be enough. For these reasons, the average dog is not thoroughly fit. That is why you so often see such symptoms as listlessness, loss of appetite, excessive scratching and poor coat. They're all signs of loss of condition—well known to the experienced dog-owner.

What's in Bob Martin's?

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain vitamins of the B Group, vitamin D and calcium, iron and other minerals. These vitamins and minerals are vitally necessary for doggy good

If hot days make your dog listless, moody or lacking in energy; if he leaves his dinner half finished or eats it without enthusiasm; if his coat, after its change in spring, looks lifeless, dull and thin, or if he scratches a great deal; then he's out of condition. These are danger signs you should recognise. Deal with this loss of condition at once, before it seriously affects his health. Give Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets regularly.

When you see the difference this simple treatment makes, then ask yourself:

Is my dog brim full of energy, bursting with high spirits?

Does he wolf down his dinner and leave the plate as clean as a whistle?

Has he a thick dense coat, bright eyes and a cold damp nose?

If you can say "Yes" to all three then you know he's in perfect condition...

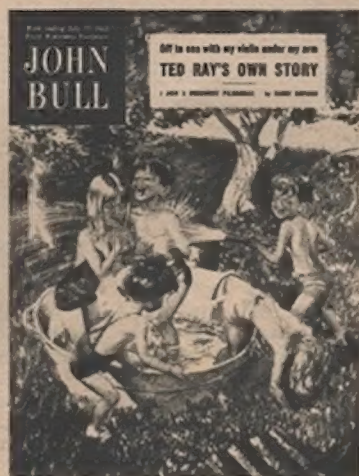
and that's Bob Martin condition!



Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets from chemists and pet shops, 10d. and 2/-

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAY'S cover illustrates an age-old fact: children love water so long as it's not the stuff to wash in. Put them in the sea, give them a bathtub of water in the garden, and they will wallow in it till they are blue and covered with goose-pimples. Serve it up with sponge and soap—and they'll howl the place down. Mays has painted the Cover Kids' antics for five years now. With them, he's never lost for ideas.



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APPLE
DRINK



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the family. Obtainable from your
usual supplier in quart-size flagons.
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ATTLEBOROUGH & LONDON

Be REGULAR without EFFORT

Here is good news for those who
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systems 'regular'.

A special laxative—'Mil-Par'* is
now on sale which will give them
just the help they need. Actually it
is a very fine combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'*
with a selected grade of
MEDICINAL PARAFFIN

'Milk of Magnesia' is, of course, un-
rivalled as a mild antacid-laxative.
Together with Medicinal Paraffin it
gives just that lubricating action
which ensures 'regularity' without
effort—so much better than purging.
This is why, for instance, it has
been found specially good for
sufferers from hemorrhoids.

Be regular with 'Mil-Par'!

'MIL-PAR'
REGD.
FOR
EFFORTLESS
REGULARITY

*The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia'
are the registered trade marks of
The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Limited.

FREE SPEECH

Learning to live in the present

TRAVELLING BY CAR IN ITALY, and
not very certain of my route, I
pulled up in a small village and
asked if I were on the right road. Re-
assured, with friendly smiles, I drove
on—only to discover half an hour
later that I was heading in a com-
pletely wrong direction.

When I mentioned this to an English
friend who had lived in Italy for many
years, she said: "But, of course! The
Italian lives in the present and does not
worry about the future. He would never
dream of telling you that you were on
the wrong road. He wants you to be
happy now—never mind whether you
will be angry later." She seemed to
think it would be a good thing if we
British learned to live in the same way.
But I wonder.—F. C., Oxford.

Fortune Passed By

OTHER PEOPLE'S CONVERSATION OVER-
heard in the street or in buses or
trams always fascinates me. The other
day, as two women walked past me, I
heard one of them say: "It would
have made us a fortune, but I was
afraid to have it in the house." I am
still wondering what it could have
been.—Mrs. J. K., Worcester.

Thriving On Neglect

PERHAPS WE WORRY and argue too
much about the upbringing of
babies. The psychologically neglected
ones seem to thrive just as well as those
reared by the book. I have been care-
ful of the diet of my own five-month-
old baby; but a woman down the street
gives her child of the same age any-
thing he fancies, including an occa-
sional new potato. And he's as fine a
child as my own. Could any mother
say more?—Mrs. M. W., Dublin.

Never Mind The Weather

RECENTLY, I saw
a painter pre-
paring to paint a
house when a
severe rainstorm
began. It rained
heavily for well
over an hour. I
expected the pain-
ter to scuttle off to
find shelter and
was astonished to
see him quietly
carrying on with
his work, under
cover of an umbrella.—F. SMITH,
Aberdeen.

Round-the-World View

MY HUSBAND AND I have just returned
from a 25,000-mile tour, lasting
eight months, so perhaps I can answer
your correspondent who said ("Free
Speech," June 28) that people go to
the same resort for their holidays year
after year because they are too conser-
vative to try anywhere fresh. We visited
many charming places between London
and Sydney, including several places in
France, Suez, Colombo, Aden and
Melbourne. But we are still excitedly
looking forward to our usual week at
our favourite seaside resort, which

happens to be nearest to our home. We
did not see many places we would
exchange for our Yorkshire holiday.
—Mrs. W. R. WILSON, 2 Lea Farm
Drive, Leeds.

... It is not a question of the
nearest resort. When a family find a
place which is absolutely satisfactory for
them, they go back to it.—W.
BULLOCK, 43 Avondale Road, Bristol.

Ear Deceived By Eye

WHEN WATCHING TELEVISION, does the
fact that we are seeing as well as
hearing make us less sensitive to the
volume of sound? When I am watch-
ing TV it does not seem unduly loud,
but I have noticed that, if I leave the
room, I can hear it in any part of the
house. I have tried tuning the radio
to what I think is the equivalent
volume to the television; but the sound
does not carry nearly so far.—GERALD
OWEN, 124 Church Road, Addlestone,
Surrey.

Shocking Foreigners

HOLIDAYMAKERS WHO ARE going abroad
should consider what is expected of
them in the countries they visit.
Spaniards, for example, are shocked at
our (to them) scanty holiday attire.
Whether they are right or wrong is not



the point. We are their guests and
should respect their customs or keep
away.—J. ALYN ROBERTS, Afonis,
Mold, North Wales.

Man's Way Of Wiping Up

SOMEONE WHO WISHED to impress me
with the accuracy of detail in the
Bible referred to verse thirteen of the
twenty-first chapter of the Second
Book of Kings. Part of the verse runs:
"... and I will wipe Jerusalem as a
man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and
turning it upside down." I notice that
my husband actually does this when he
is wiping up, while I do not. Is there
any explanation for this strange psy-
chological difference between the
sexes?—Mrs. K. INMAN, Flat 1, 367
Harrogate Road, Moortown, Leeds.

Price Of Sunbathing

WE, WHO LIVE by the sea, are often
appalled by the seeming ignorance
of parents who spend the whole day on
the beach with their scantily clad
children, whose sensitive skins are
exposed for hours to the harsh (yes,
harsh) rays of the sun. Sunbathing by
the sea is not the same as inland, and
the effects can be very severe. Unfor-
tunately, burning is seldom noticed
while sitting in the sun. It feels so
beneficial, that there is no hint of the
price which must be paid later.
Children should not have their skins
exposed for more than ten minutes at
first, the time being gradually
lengthened when the skin is brown and
hardened.—B. R., Newhaven, Sussex.

Mountbatten Bedtime Story

DENNIS HOLMAN'S ARTICLE on Earl
Mountbatten of Burma (JOHN BULL,
June 28) was most interesting.
"Dicky" Mountbatten really was the
wireless rating's champion and, while
he was taking the signal officer's course
at Portsmouth, he introduced an un-
orthodox method of teaching signalling.
He requisitioned nine beds and fitted
them with telephone receivers. A
rating was detailed to send Morse
signals from an adjoining room, so that
they would be heard through the
receivers by those in bed. The idea was
that the human brain is most receptive
just before sleep, and that when the

individual awoke in the morning the
symbols would be impressed on his
brain.—E. C. H., Somerset.

... I remember during the war
being paraded in Colombo for a pep
talk by the "Supremo." It was rain-
ing and, after a wait, we were moved
into a cinema. There followed another
wait, accompanied by much booing
and stamping of feet. Then the great
man at last walked on to the stage.
His smiling face and informal talk,
with real jokes to make us roar with
laughter, stand out in my mind as
an example of how to address some
thousand or so sweating, browned-off
men.—A. W. JAMES, 152 Carricknowe
Drive, Edinburgh.

Cramming To A Stop

YOUR CORRESPONDENT who asked why
an external degree is considered
inferior to one gained at a university
("Free Speech," June 28) should
remember that it is not so much a
question of knowledge as of attitude.
I, myself, am an external B.Sc. and
have reached a clearly defined stop line
for that very reason. The university
man reads for three or four years in an
atmosphere conducive to study, and
with opportunities to play games, and
join music and discussion groups. He
is encouraged to use his initiative,
to learn to lead. The evening-class
student undergoes a cramming course
and, in his job, he has constant ex-
perience of the inevitable shortcomings
of industrial life. He is trained not to
lead, but to serve. Small wonder that
industrial managers, in their search
for pioneers, plump for university
graduates with their virgin energy and
limitless aspirations.—B.Sc., Durham.

Cheers From The Children

LISTENING TO MY RADIO one afternoon,
I was suddenly startled by wild
cheering and shouting, accompanied
by bell-ringing. I jumped up and ran
to the door, expecting that we were
getting a visit from Royalty. But no!
The local school was on fire, to the
great joy of neighbourhood children.—
M. McGARRY, 103 Chesnut Grove
London, S.W.12.

Fascinating Bali

HARRY HOPKINS'S REPORTS from the
Far East recall to mind my visit to
Bali, while serving on H.M.S. Eagle.
I, too, thought Bali the most beautiful
place I had ever visited. I was privi-
leged to see the native dances and



enclose a snapshot of five of the
dancers who took part in the per-
formance. The music played on the
wind instruments of the orchestra was
fascinating.—A. BAILEY, C.P.O., 14
Mess, Mull of Kintyre, Harwich, Essex.

Baby Went By Haversack

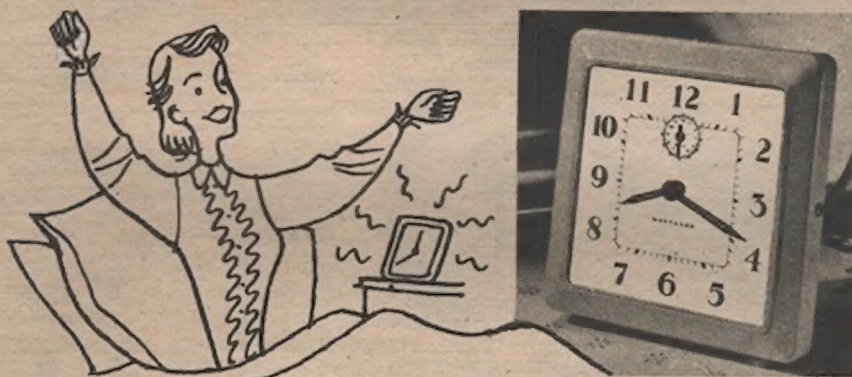
ON A COACH in the north of Scotland,
I saw a girl hiker with a haversack
on her back. As she prepared to seat
herself, she swung the haversack off,
and I saw there was a baby, aged about
ten months, in it. She told me that
she was off to do some hill-climbing—
baby and all—and had travelled from
Cambridge in this very original way.—
J. R., Edinburgh.

Letters intended for publication should
be as brief as possible and include the
sender's full name and address. John Bull
pays a guinea for every letter printed.
Readers with personal problems should
send inquiries (other than medical) to
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stamped addressed envelope for reply.



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smooth, *clean* smoking

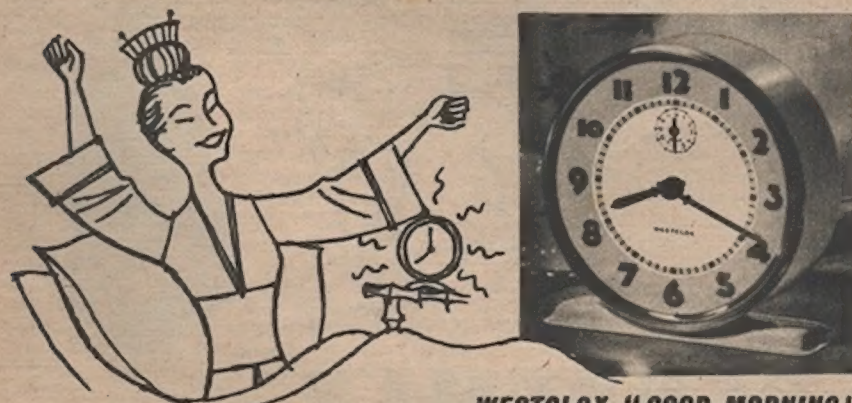
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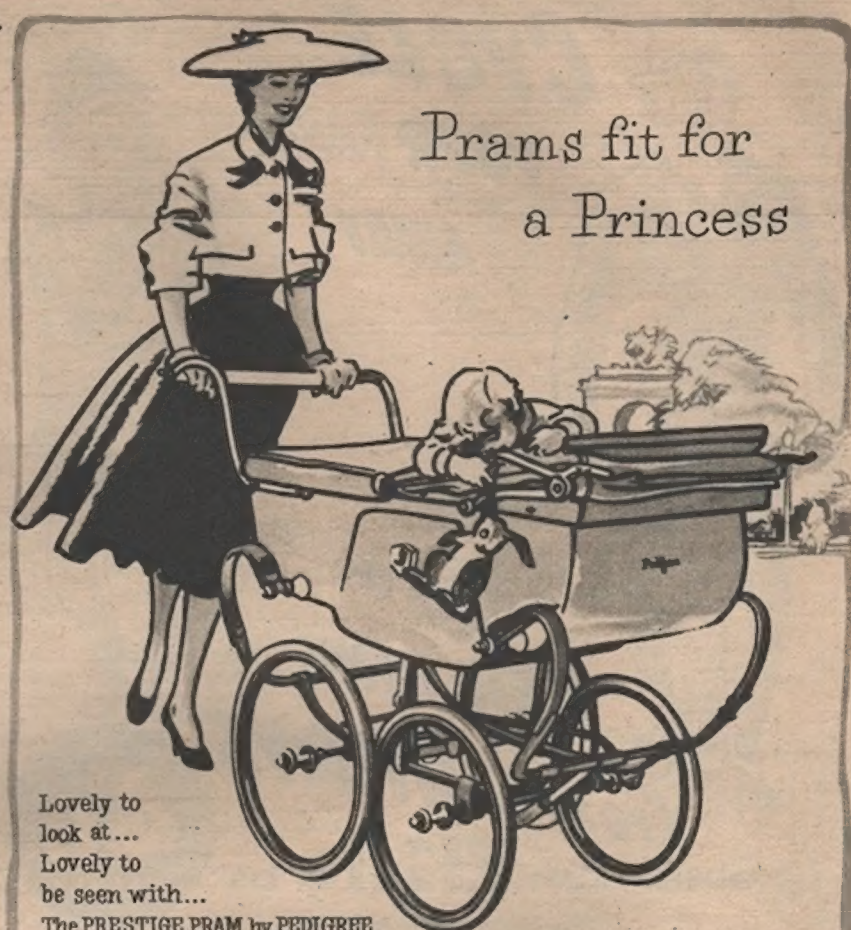


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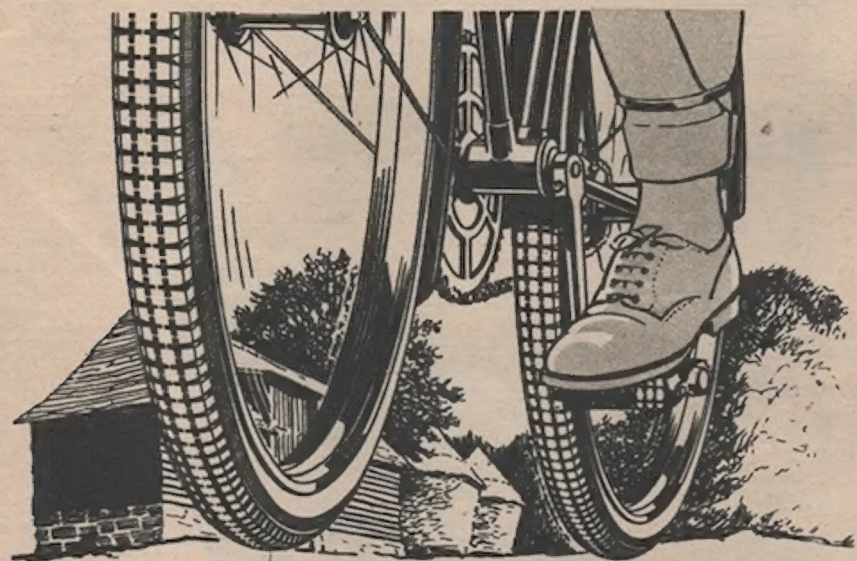
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WINE MERCHANTS
TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI



"Look who's here!"

SANDEMAN **SHERRY**

"You'll like it"



JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KEMP

Ted Ray with his sister Lena and her husband George Johnstone. It was through Ted that George met Lena. He was Ted's old school chum in Liverpool

My life of fiddling and fooling (2) by TED RAY

Off to sea with my violin under my arm

Life in an office didn't suit young Ted—although Nancy was a compensation. So he tried to be a soccer pro. When that fell through, he took a chance to "go west, young man"

WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN, I suddenly grew up. I left school, got a job, and fell in love. I wanted to be a cowboy or the Prince of Wales. My father refused me both, and I had to get a respectable job. The Cotton Exchange was my parents' ambition for me. That was the thing in Liverpool. If you were on the Cotton Exchange you were a gentleman.

I couldn't get in the Cotton Exchange so I got a job with a cattle food firm, Silcock and Co.—the nearest thing to being a cowboy I could manage—at a wage of 12s. 6d. a week. I soon found that it was one thing to pass my school pals with the slight swagger of a man of the world. It was quite another to sit on a hard chair, licking stamps by the yard, varying this exciting pastime by going to the

typists' room to collect invoices for checking.

But, to make up for a great deal, however, there was Nancy, the girl who sat at the same desk as I. Our eyes met rather more than was strictly necessary, and she had the nicest blush. It really was surprising how many times we used to meet on the landing—quite by chance. Sometimes we would steal a quick kiss and then—back to work. Oh, those hot kisses on the landing from Nancy! She was a little older than I, and they used to make my shirt run up my back.

In general, I found the monotony of the job thoroughly depressing. So much so that I would go home and beg my father and mother to take me away—despite Nancy. But they were quite firm. Both of them were quite determined that my father, who was a

ship's steward then, did enough wandering for the whole family and that there was not only something, but everything, to be said for a "steady job."

It was at Silcock's that I experienced one of those dreadful moments compounded of fear and remorse, and magnified to a frightening extent at the time. These things happen in the lives of most youngsters and generally have the salutary effect of ensuring that they do not make the same mistake twice.

Football pools on the vast scale we know them today did not exist when I first went to work. But enterprising firms were beginning to exploit the human desire to get rich quick, and there were football coupons and prizes for forecasting the correct results of Saturday's matches. One of the older clerks, named

Jones, a regular investor in this type of gamble, was in a hurry. "Hey, you—put this pound on a football coupon for me, will you?" he asked, handing me the note. "Yes, Mr. Jones, certainly," I answered.

Jones had picked four away teams to win, and I worked it out that the odds were twenty-to-one. I walked out of the office on Friday evening with his pound in my pocket and the coupon in my hand. I regret to say that my thoughts ran something like this: Old Jones will never win. This could be the easiest pound I shall ever make in my life.

On Saturday evening I checked the results from the *Liverpool Echo*. A trifle anxiously I scanned the tables. Horror! Three of the away teams had won, while the result of the fourth game—which was between two Scottish teams—was not in the paper.

Saved By Goalkeeper

That night was the most frightful I had ever spent. I could no more have found twenty pounds than twenty million. I could not sleep a wink. The Sunday newspaper arrived about eight o'clock in the morning. A good two hours in advance, I got up, and walked up and down our tiny hall waiting for the click of the letter-box as the papers were pushed through it. At last they arrived. I grabbed one and could hardly hold it in my cold and trembling fingers. Had Jones's team won and was I ruined? No, fate had been kind. The result was a draw; but it was a near shave, for the home goalkeeper had saved a penalty—and incidentally my skin. What about Jones's pound? Well, let us draw a veil over that. After all, I could hardly give it back to him.

While still at school, I had earned a few coppers carrying suitcases from the landing stage at Liverpool to Lime Street Station. Some were so heavy I could scarcely lift them, but if I got threepence at the end of it I was very pleased. If a traveller gave me sixpence, I counted myself really in luck. So when I got to Silcock's as a new boy and found that one of my duties was to carry the bag belonging to the very dignified managing director, Mr. Edwards, to Lime Street Station, I felt I was back where I started. He went home to London every weekend, and I had to carry his bag from the office each Friday night, find a nice first-class corner seat, facing the engine, wait for Mr. Edwards to come along five minutes before the train left, and give him his seat.

I was glad of the fresh air, but always hoped for more substantial reward. I never got it. Mr. Edwards used to look at me and say: "That's a good boy." Occasionally his hand would stray to his pocket—and out would come the most magnificent white silk handkerchief ever seen, but not a penny. Then I would regretfully retrace my steps to the office as I saw the train steam out towards the London I had always wanted to visit, without ever having the means to do so.

First Trip To London

Then, in 1924, Silcock's organized a staff outing to visit the Wembley Exhibition. We got in the train at Friday midnight, arrived in London the following morning, and made our way to Lyons Corner House, where Mr. Edwards was waiting for us, to preside over the breakfast of his faithful employees. We all went off to the exhibition, and the same night we were on the train back to Liverpool. At least that was the idea. But a friend of mine, called Sammy Price, and I found the exhibition boring, and we made our way instead to Highbury Stadium, where Arsenal were playing Sheffield United.

I was mad about sport. In the crowded streets of a teeming city like Liverpool, a lad had to be handy with his fists and also pretty fleet of foot to hold his own. Luckily, although small, I was a tough youngster with more than a fair turn of speed. At Liverpool Collegiate School I had quickly won a place in my house



PICTURES FROM TED RAY'S ALBUM: "Ainsdale Football Club—I'm on the front row left. I was twenty and mad about soccer. Shortly before, I was signed up to play for Liverpool"

soccer team. I played outside right and was eventually chosen for the school first eleven. At one time I thought there could be nothing finer in the world than to be a professional footballer.

We learned to be good judges of a scrap, and to this day I have never lost my love for the boxing game. There was a boy in our neighbourhood named Johnny Jones—his mother kept a fried fish shop, and wonderful fried fish she served. Johnny and I were very keen on boxing, and we had an attic at the top of my house where we used to go. We had got some old boxing gloves from somewhere: there was hardly any horsehair or padding in them, but we used to go up to the attic and bash each other until we couldn't see for the blood.

Fight I'll Never Forget

I fancied myself as a boxer until the day I went to our local sports club, and there was a fellow in the middle of the room doing some shadow boxing. He turned round and said: "Anyone like the gloves on?" I thought: This fellow fancies his chances a little bit, I'll have a go. So I said: "Yes, I will."

We put on the gloves and it was decided that we should box three rounds, two minutes each round. We started, and I have never seen so many boxing gloves in my life. They were in my face, they were in my body, they were all over the place, and I was getting the biggest hiding I had ever had. When the referee's whistle went for the third round—we didn't have a gong—I came up, and I was getting such a bashing from this boy that I was determined to give him one good punch if I never gave anyone a punch for the rest of my life.

So suddenly I did the most outrageous thing. You can ask any student of boxing and he will tell you that you never lead with the right. But I threw a right-hand punch with all my force right under his heart—and hit him a real, good sock, nearly burying my glove into him. I heard him grunt and a light came into his eyes. I threw off the gloves and said: "That's enough, that's it. Finish." Of course, he couldn't hit me while the gloves were off, so that was that. I found out later who he was—Tommy Bayly, who had gone twenty rounds

for the Bantamweight Championship of Great Britain! I gave up boxing after that.

Instead, I pictured myself as a budding T.T. rider. I set my heart on owning a motor-bike of my own. It became an absolute passion, and I went to incredible lengths to scrape together enough money to buy myself one of these lethal engines. But my dear mother did not take at all kindly to the idea.

One day I saw a motor bike advertised in the local evening paper for £5—it was a Premier. I just managed to raise this sum, the transaction was completed and, my heart thumping with pride and excitement, I got the machine home. I was far too carried away to notice the expression on mother's face when I shouted out to her: "Quick—you must see me riding this bike. You stand on the front doorstep and see how I take the corner." I came round that corner and in my own mind I had all the skill of a track champion; as I went past our house I let go of the handlebars and raced away at top speed. Poor mother nearly had a fit.

Next night, when I came home from the office, I found that one of the tyres was flat, and spent the whole of the evening mending a puncture. Off I went next day to the office, picturing to myself the wonderful ride I was going to have that night, but when I got home the rear wheel was flat. I simply could not understand why I was getting these punctures. It was not until many years afterwards that I found out that mother had been sticking a knife into the tyres. "I didn't want you to break your neck," was all she would say.

My Friend, The Plumber

I was going to the Liverpool Empire and Hippodrome regularly now. My first visit had been when I was still a small boy, in the company of a wonderful man known as "Uncle." He was the local plumber, a great character with beetle brows and a great big moustache. I met him when he came to mend our outside lavatory. It was always going wrong, and I remember watching him one day when he did an extraordinary thing. After he had made a beautiful joint with his blow-lamp, he stood back about six feet, spat, and hit the



"My mother came from Oldham. She and dad were a happy couple. I was devoted to her"

joint right on the nail. "That's more than a barber can do when he's finished his work," he said to me in his strong Liverpool accent.

He was a rough old chap, was "Uncle," but he loved the music halls. One day he said to my mother: "Can I take the little feller to the music hall?" She knew I'd be in safe hands with "Uncle." So he took me along. I remember that on the way down he stopped at a tea-room. He took me inside and gave me a couple of enormous ham sandwiches and a huge mug of tea, saying: "Get that down you, son. You can't enjoy a show unless your belly's full." I didn't want it but I was afraid to refuse, so I forced the food down.

Silence For The Whistler

Then we got in the tramcar and went to the old Empire. We sat up in the gallery, and after several turns, which enthralled me so much I felt I was visiting a magic cave, he said: "He'll soon be on, the Whistler." On came Albert Whelan, and if anyone made a sound in the gallery, "Uncle" was ready to whip his coat off and tear them limb from limb.

I became a regular patron of the halls, and my absolute delight was to go along to the theatre, even when I could not afford to go in, and stand outside the stage door. If I could just see some of the artists come out with their make-up on I was so thrilled that my whole week was made. I dared not ask them for autographs in those days. The kids then were scared stiff even to speak to their idols. If we heard them talk to each other it was enough, just to hear their voices. They were probably going to the pub for a drink, but to us they were little gods.

Years later I was to play at the Empire after it had been rebuilt; at the Hippodrome, just a few weeks before it was transformed into a cinema; and at the Olympia. My first and only appearance at the latter house was when I accepted the invitation to go up on the stage when a "strong man" act asked for a couple of volunteers from the audience. The Olympia, too, was to become a picturehouse.

When this happened, the management would often include one or two variety acts in the programme. In a later period when I was desperately looking for work I took my courage

in both hands one morning and walked into an office where Pierre Cohen, the manager, was sitting. I said: "Mr. Cohen, will you give me a week's work at the Olympia?" I don't blame him for saying brusquely: "Get out of my office! I don't book artists. Go and get yourself an agent." I walked to the door, turned and said, rather impudently, I am afraid: "All right. But I've got both those fellows you've got here this week skinned a mile."

Years later, when he was at the Finsbury Park Empire, Cohen paid me £60 for a week's engagement. I don't think he ever knew I was the cheeky youngster who had gate-crashed into his Liverpool office; I certainly never told him.

I was always keen on football and one day I met a chap named Jock Walls, a big Scot who knew I could play pretty well. He said: "Look, if I get you a job with the Automatic Telephone Company, will you play for one of their teams?" I said: "Sure." It seemed to me to be far more exciting to be working for the Automatic Telephone Company than sending pignuts to Rawtenstall for Silcock and Co.—and, by this time, Nancy had gone out of my life. So I got the job with the A.T.C. and played for their football team.

Tried To Get The Sack

But the job turned out worse than the other one. I was put to work for a man who could not give me anything to do because he had nothing to do himself. Consequently, I used to see him at nine o'clock in the morning and then he would have a stroll round the factory. I would not see him again till lunchtime. I spent my time doodling or writing down what I thought would be the best team for England to play against Scotland, and I soon got fed up with this. The football on Saturdays was grand, but I got so sick of the job that I was dying to get out of it.

The trouble was I couldn't just leave, because to qualify for the dole you had to be sacked. In other words, there was no bunce without the disgrace. There was one certain way of getting the sack, and that was to be found smoking in the lavatory. They used to have men coming round—sort of look-outs—and while most of the fellows would lock themselves in trap four for a quiet cigarette, I was doing it openly, hoping to be caught and sacked. But it was just my luck that every time one of these fellows caught me, he would be one of the football team, and he used to say: "Look, old boy, take it easy or you'll get the push." Eventually I got the sack, not for smoking but because they could not find anything for me to do. Then I was in my seventh heaven—the dole, fifteen shillings a week, and football all day.

I was playing outside right in my old boys' team, when I noticed a fellow in a bowler hat and a mackintosh who seemed very interested in the game. Afterwards, he came up to me and asked: "Would you like a trial for Liverpool?" What a question. Here was Andy McGuigan, Liverpool F.C.'s talent scout, inviting me to have a trial to play for the best team in the country! So I went along to the trial and they signed me up for the third team, as an amateur. I thought: Well, one day I'll be a professional footballer and that'll be the end of my troubles. Six or seven pounds a week! Big stuff.

One Of My Happiest Years

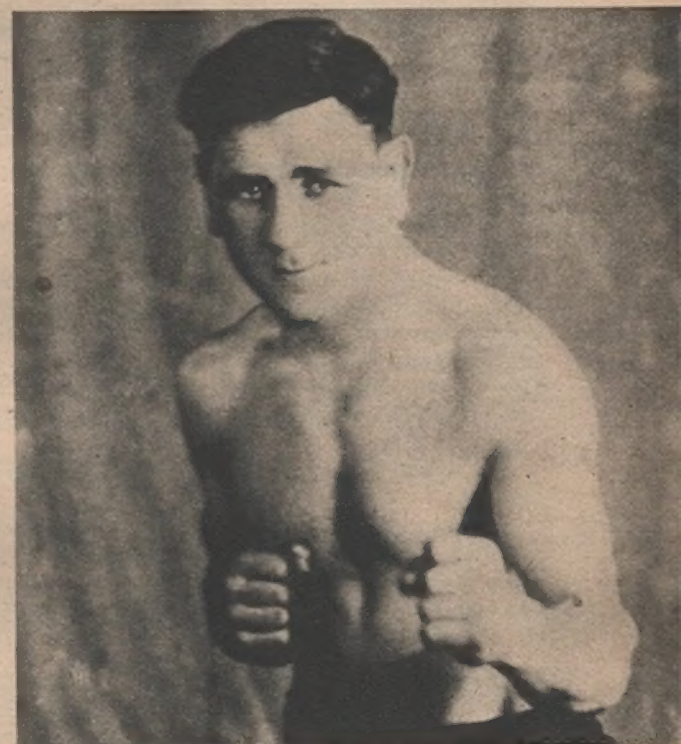
Unfortunately—or fortunately—it did not work out that way. I played a number of games for the reserves, and used to train most conscientiously. But for a pro I was always rather on the small side and no doubt a trifle too light. Meeting those grand sportsmen and keeping myself fit and trim to the last ounce made this one of the happiest years of my life.

But at the end of the season came a great disappointment. Joe Hewitt, who had himself played brilliantly for Liverpool, came into the dressing-room after a match and told me it had

Continued on page 24



"Albert Whelan, the first variety star I ever saw. He's still going strong today, as this recent photograph of him with his wife shows"



"Tom Bayly. I got the hiding of my life when I took him on at our local ring. I found out later that he was a budding bantam champion"



"Joe Hewitt, one of my Liverpool soccer heroes. When my dreams of playing for Liverpool as a pro fell through, Joe helped to console me"

A HAND AT THE HELM

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY CHRISTOPHER STEEL

He was a National Service lad, and he'd jumped the draft to Korea. That much seemed plain to the major—as plain as the gun in the boy's hand

HE WAS ONLY A BOY. But the gun in his hand was grown up enough. It was a Service revolver. He stood in the doorway of the cabin of the yacht, covering the burly, elderly man at the tiller with desperate resolution.

The wind was fluky. Suddenly a harder puff than usual hit the little vessel. The major, keeping an eye on the gun, automatically put the helm up as the boat heeled and began to try to round-to.

Only when she had settled on her course again did he say: "So I've a stowaway."

"Never mind that. Just keep going." The boy's voice shook.

The major glanced at his compass. Then he looked coolly at the boy again. He was a tall, slight, fair lad, about eighteen or nineteen. He was in Army uniform. A National Service chap? The major remembered the young soldiers he'd seen embarking at Southampton the previous day.

"Jumped the draft, I suppose?" he said quietly.

It was a shot in the dark, but the boy's reaction showed that it had found its mark. There was both shame and defiance in his manner as he retorted: "You can suppose what you like!"

"Where was it—Korea?"

There was no answer.

"Nasty place, Korea, just now," the major said.

The boy suddenly exclaimed, with a touch of bravado: "Not so good as Ireland!"

"Who told you I was going to Ireland?"

"The boatmen."

"I see. So you want a free passage?"

"I do—and I'm going to get it, too! I'm not going back!"

After that, there was silence for a while, save for the incidental sounds of the boat's passage. There was more cloud now, and dark cloud was spreading over the sky from the south.

An hour later, the yacht was lying well over, and her lift and pitch over the waves was becoming more and more pronounced.

The boy was very pale. And all at once he yawned mightily.

The major's lips twitched. He was very familiar with the symptoms of sea-sickness.

"I reckon it's time for a cup of tea," he said.

"Do you think you could manage to put the kettle on?"

"You can't catch me like that," the boy said.

"Oh, can't I?" the major said mildly. "Well—perhaps I'd better do it myself anyway. The old stove's a bit tricky. Here—catch hold of this."

And he got up and began to move forrard, leaving the tiller unattended.

"Stop!" the boy cried. "Stay where you—"

"Take her over, I tell you!" the major snapped.

The yacht had begun to turn sharply into the wind. And the apparent emergency, plus the

authentic ring of command in the major's voice, did the trick. The boy stumbled desperately to the tiller.

"What have I got to do?" he asked urgently. He was trying to get hold of the tiller with both hands, the gun, which he still held in his right hand, pointing preposterously up into the air. "Shove it away from you," the major told him. "Farther over . . . right . . . that's right. Now bring it back in the middle—and mind you don't shoot yourself."

The boat was back on her course.

"Never sailed before?" the major asked.

The boy gave a quick shake of the head. Both his predicament and the distress in his stomach momentarily forgotten, he was absorbed in what he was doing.

"Well, there's always got to be a first time," the major said. And, settling down at the forrard end of the cockpit, he proceeded to give the lad a brief lesson in steering. The boy was quick to get the hang of it.

"Right," the major said after a minute or two. "I'll leave her to you for a little while."

When night fell, there was a strong wind blowing and a bigish sea running. The darkness was intense. The yacht, very small and lonely now, was surging along amid a pale smother of white.

Private Carter—he had told the major his name—had been very sick, but he was getting over it now. He had taken the tiller again for a while. The major was sitting beside him in the cockpit.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"All right." The boy sounded very subdued.

"Good. Now look. Now that you're aboard, are you prepared to pull your weight?"

The boy didn't answer at once. Then: "Yes," he said, dully.

"Right. Now listen. It looks as though we're in for a roughish night, so I suggest we take watches." The major glanced at the luminous dial of his watch. "It's now just after nine. You'll have to get a rest before you're good for anything at all, so I'll stand the first watch. That's until midnight. You can do the middle—from midnight till four. All right?"

"Yes."

"Very good. The alarm clock's set for twelve—you'll hear it, all right. And I've left a couple of sweaters and an oilskin on the starboard bunk. Put them on before you come up. It'll be chilly. Right? Then carry on below."

Without a word the boy got up and went stumbling forrard to the cabin.

AFTER a while, the major lashed the tiller and went below. The boy was asleep, out to the wide. The gun lay on the bunk, mixed up with his feet. The major extricated it and examined it. As he had suspected, it was not loaded. He put it back and, returning to the cockpit, settled down at the helm again.

The rest of his watch passed quickly enough. A liner coming up to Southampton passed a mile or two to seaward, a blaze of light. Shortly

after that he spotted and identified a shore light, and took a couple of bearings of it, with a timed interval of half an hour between them. It seemed only a few minutes later that he heard the shattering racket of the alarm clock from the cabin.

The boy couldn't help waking, for in place of the conventional bell the clock had a special tin arrangement that would have roused the dead. The thing was—would he have guts enough to turn out?

A minute or so passed. Then Private Carter stumbled out, bundled up in sweaters and oilskin.

"Good man," the major said briefly. "Think you can manage her?"

"Yes," the lad mumbled. He was still dead with sleep.

"Right. Course west-south-west. Keep her on that."

The major went below. He brewed some cocoa, and took a mugful up to the boy.

"I'll leave you to it then," he said.

Down below, the major transferred the bearing he had taken to the chart, and worked out a fix. Then he put out the cabin light and sat down on the starboard bunk.

The yacht was on a broad reach, with the wind coming steadily from a point or so abaft the port beam. On that course she was easy enough to handle. But all the same, with four hours of it in front of him, the boy would have his work cut out. . . .

The major settled down quietly to keep his own watch.

IT was a brilliantly sunny morning. The yacht was sailing herself over a glittering sea. Private Carter and the major were together in the cabin, sitting one at either side of the narrow table. They were at breakfast. And the major had splashed for the occasion. Bacon and eggs were the order of the day.

The boy was still very quiet, but he ate ravenously. When they had finished, the major washed up and Private Carter dried. Then:

"Good. That's that," the major said. "And now it's time you jumped to it and smartened yourself up a bit. You know what day it is, don't you? It's Sunday, and we go to church at o-nine-hundred. See that you look presentable. In the Navy, Sunday parade is the most important of the week."

Private Carter looked at the major curiously. "Were you in the Navy?" he asked. It was the first sign of interest he'd shown.

"Royal Marines," the major said. "A web-footed soldier."

Half an hour later, out in the sunny cockpit, with the yacht's canvas a dazzling white now against the cloudless blue of the sky, the major, standing with his bare head bowed, offered up the Navy prayer, which, after his many years of service, he had come to know by heart:

O Eternal Lord God, Who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; Who has compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end; be pleased



The major looked coolly at the stowaway. "So you want a free passage?" he said. "I do," the boy retorted, "and I'm going to get it, too"

to receive into Thy Almighty and most gracious protection the persons of us Thy servants. . . .

The major paused, standing motionless for a few moments. Then he stooped and picked up his Bible from the cockpit seat, and, opening it at the place marked, read from the one-hundred-and-seventh psalm:

They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.

For at His word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. . . .

For the major, these so-familiar words were inseparably associated with the memory of brave men standing worshipfully on a score of quarter-decks and barracks squares, in as many different parts of the world. And always, very softly, in the distance, there seemed to be a Royal Marines band playing.

Then, when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress.

For he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then they are glad, because they are at rest; and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

The major shut the Bible and put it down. He settled his cap back on his head. He looked at

Private Carter, and saw tears in the boy's eyes.

"Parade dismissed," he said.

The boy looked at the major and hesitated. Then, suddenly, all his troubles came out with a rush. It seemed he had always found male society difficult. He'd had a bad time at school, and had found the Army even worse. He just couldn't take it. So he'd run away, blindly.

The major managed to discover that the boy came from a household of women. He had a mother and three older sisters, but no father and no brothers. That explained a good deal.

But it was ridiculous for him to say he couldn't take it.

"Now look here, my lad," the major said quietly. "It just doesn't make sense. Why—in this very running away of yours, you've proved that you've got what it takes *not* to run away! You've certainly showed plenty of guts in keeping watch. Being in sole charge of a yacht for four hours in the middle of a pretty lively night is quite a plateful for a beginner, you know!"

The major put the helm up and eased away on the mainsheet as the boat turned to starboard and the wind drew astern.

"And now we're going in to Plymouth," he said.

THEY reached Plymouth a couple of hours later, and when they entered harbour, they tied up alongside, which was something the major wouldn't normally have done. In the ordinary way, he would have dropped anchor some distance off, using the dinghy to get ashore.

He went ashore on this occasion as soon as his

craft was safely secure. He went off, saying vaguely that he had a couple of things to do. He left Private Carter on board.

When he came back an hour or so later, the boy was still on board, but spruced up and obviously ready to leave.

"I waited because I wanted to say goodbye," he said.

"Glad you did," the major said gruffly. "Well—where are you going?"

"To the police, I suppose."

"Want me to come with you?"

"No."

"Right. I'll be here for a couple of days, if I'm needed."

There was a pause. Then the boy blurted out: "You know what I was telling you? Well—if I'd had a father, I wish he'd been like you!"

For the first time in his hard-bitten bachelor life, the major was completely routed. Bumbling a bit, he fished in his pockets and, pulling out an old envelope, scribbled an address.

He gave it to the boy. "There you are," he said. "That will always find me. Let me hear from you. And look me up when you get the chance. Goodbye—and good luck."

Private Carter hesitated. He wanted to say something more, but he couldn't. Abruptly he seized the major's outstretched hand and wrung it. Then he turned hastily away and scrambled ashore.

The major watched him go. The lad held himself well, and his head was well up. . . . Couldn't take it, be damned! There were the makings of something there! . . . THE END



Another job completed, Edwards removes his haul. Office girls sometimes throw pencils and rubbers to try to hold up his work



By the light of a torch, Edwards shoots pigeons with his air gun. "People just don't realize what a pest they are," he says

Mr. Edwards is always getting the bird

by KEITH ELLIS

Everywhere he goes, he meets trouble. He's been punched and kicked, pelted with eggs and tomatoes and often arrested by the police. To him, it's just part of his job as a pigeon catcher

ALTHOUGH IT WAS A FINE, clear night, the policemen in the churchyard were looking not at the stars but at the belfry in which passers-by had reported strange noises. Suddenly, there came a series of sharp cracks and two slates landed in fragments at their feet. They suspected lead thieves and, thinking that they were becoming violent, decided to send for reinforcements. A few minutes later, two police cars arrived, with a Black Maria and a motor cycle patrol.

After whispered consultations, the inspector sent a squad of policemen to wait at the base of the tower. They looked up into the darkness. A number of soft, warm objects plopped around them. They pressed themselves against the walls. Finally, the base of a ladder appeared through a trap-door and a pair of legs clad in old grey flannels trod confidently down the rungs. The policemen grabbed.

They carried their victim, a heavily built young man with a red face and a shock of

brown, curly hair, to the inspector. But the officer was not at all pleased. "Good God, it's you again!" he exclaimed, and ordered the policemen to turn the man loose. He had recognized the intruder as twenty-six year old Norman Edwards, who, as his business card announces, is an authorized pigeon catcher.

Policeman Knocked Him Out

Edwards explained later: "We had been catching pigeons in the belfry, and my air gun pellets knocked off two of the slates. We threw down the dead pigeons as we often do to save carrying them. It's not the first time I've been taken for a lead thief."

Once he was crawling along the coping of a church roof when a policeman crept up behind and knocked him out with a rabbit-punch. "They had to call the fire engine to get me down." Marching along plushy hotel corridors with his gun under his arm, or potting birds on the roofs of high-class blocks of flats, he

has also been mistaken for a burglar, a hold-up man and a Peeping Tom.

As he tells his stories, Edwards gets more and more excited. His breath comes in jerks. He bellows out the punch-lines. He roars with laughter. He also puts in the actions. One night he was prowling the corridors of a well-known London building, unaware that part of it had been requisitioned by a highly secret Government agency. Suddenly, a figure stepped out of the shadows and the light of his torch fell on the polished leather of a revolver holster. "Get down on the floor," snapped a voice, "quick!" When telling the story, Edwards throws his fourteen and a half stones on the floor and dithers his hands to show how he tremblingly obeyed. He is also trembling with laughter.

Edwards has been a pigeon fancier since his boyhood and even now keeps forty birds in a friend's loft. One day, about seven years ago, he asked his local vicar if he could catch an escaped pigeon he had traced to the church tower. He did so. "Do you think you could catch those wild pigeons?" asked the parson. Edwards succeeded so well that the vicar recommended him to a friend who wanted his belfry cleared and the friend got him a trial with a local council. Eventually he gave up his job on a poultry farm and became a full-time pigeon catcher. "He always wanted to be his own boss," says his mother.

Edwards now has contracts to catch pigeons for most of the London borough councils, the Port of London Authority, British Railways, several of London's leading hotels, the main airports, scores of churches, blocks of flats, power-stations, dog-tracks, old people's homes, hospitals, film studios and prisons. He has even worked in a ladies' Turkish bath.

Everywhere he goes, Edwards finds he is unpopular with the great British bird-loving public and especially with old people living by themselves who have made pets of pigeons. One old lady lived on bread and tea and spent all the rest of her money on pigeon corn. She obstructed Edwards bitterly. Another was

more sensible. "I won't let you touch my pigeons," she said. "I'll catch them for you."

At various times, Edwards has had his gun smashed, his eyes blacked and his bottom kicked. In Glasgow, his van was nearly overturned. He has been pelted with eggs, tomatoes, coke, coal, slate, bricks, soppy bread, several kippers and a decaying rabbit. Several old ladies have given him the time-honoured advice: "If you like shooting, get to Korea."

There is one form of opposition that is quieter but much more effective than names, blows and protests. It annoys Edwards intensely. "Once I sat four whole days on a Thames barge," he says, "without catching a single bird. Every time they settled, someone threw a sack from a warehouse window and scared them away." Office girls have similarly thrown pencils, rubbers and pellets of paper to prevent his catching them on City streets.

Buildings Can Be Damaged

"People just don't realize pigeons are a pest," he says. "When an old lady puts out bread on her window-sill, she doesn't realize that the people below are going to have their window-sill covered with droppings." Pigeon droppings stain clothes badly and the lime burns through the cellulose coverings of cars.

Pigeons may also damage the actual fabric of a building. They peck sand and pebbles from the joints, three or four inches above their perches. When raindrops strike ledges, they bounce to just this height. Also, the nests and droppings form dams in gutters and on ledges. In both cases, the stone becomes soaked after a shower and, if frost follows, may actually crack. Alternatively, the moisture may oxydize the underlying steel structure and set up a pressure sufficiently strong to burst through six inches of solid stone.

On the misdemeanours of pigeons Edwards is eloquent. He tells how a church fire was once caused by a pigeon bringing to its nest a smouldering cigarette end or piece of string; how an old lady fell on a railway line after stepping on a dropping; and how, at a hospital, he found the putrefying corpse of a pigeon in the water-tank. Indeed, pigeons are sometimes so obviously a source of trouble that amateurs try to catch them with everything from tin-tacks to caustic soda. "But they can't do much," says Edwards. "This is a full-time job."

Before agreeing on a price, he surveys the building, reckons how many pigeons there are and what equipment he will need. Every job is different. For some he needs nets, for some traps and for others an air gun will suffice. When he has a bridge to clear—the traffic may be specially diverted—he lowers on either side a net which consists of two layers tacked together. The inside one is of very fine mesh, the outside one of four-inch squares. He then climbs down the girders, bangs the bridge with a stick and drives out the birds. They strike the fine net and carry it with them through the wide net so that a pocket is formed with the birds trapped inside.

Decoys Trap The Flock

At the docks, Edwards uses half a dozen wooden traps measuring fifteen feet by fifteen and trained call birds to lure in the victims. The traps are placed about 100 yards apart and he and his assistants watch them through binoculars, taking three traps each. After scattering corn thinly in front of the trap, more thickly by the entrance and piled up inside, he waits for a flock to appear and sets his decoys feeding.

The flock swoops down. The first birds nibble at the corn farthest from the trap but are pushed forward by later birds to the thicker corn ahead. A "run" starts—and ends in the trap. When the majority of the birds are inside, Edwards snaps down the doors.

In spite of the opposition which his activities have incited, an R.S.P.C.A. inspector for whom



Edwards at work in a hotel roof spire. He recently reduced the St. Paul's pigeons to twelve

he demonstrated his methods had no objections. His insurance company is less happy. It takes such a poor view of his chances that it charges him £15 a quarter for a joint third party and personal accident policy. To date, he has done no damage with his air rifle, but he once broke a leg in a school loft and dislocated a shoulder when he slipped on a pigeon dropping while surveying a job. His two narrowest escapes were when a wall collapsed under his fifty-foot ladder and when he trod on an open trap covered only by a sack concealed under a layer of pigeon droppings. There was a 100-foot drop down a belfry. "I used to be worried when he first started," says his mother, "but now I'm used to it."

In flour mills, Edwards says the pigeons know the time better than the men. Three or four minutes before the dinner bell is due, they mass on nearby buildings and before it has stopped ringing they are inside plundering corn. At one mill, an endless belt carried corn fifty yards across the main building before shooting it into the grinder. Pigeons flew through an open window at one end, perched on the belt, gobbled corn solidly for the minute and a half it took the belt to cross the room and flew out

of the window at the other end. They then flew round the block and straight in again for another free ride. "I watched them all one afternoon," says Edwards. "Next afternoon, there were none to watch."

Besides being paid to kill the pigeons, Edwards is able to sell his haul at about fourpence a head. As he caught 4,000 in Paddington Station in three months, this is a profitable sideline. But his expenses are heavy. A net costs £7 10s. Six air guns a year—some are broken by irate old ladies, others become inaccurate through use—cost about £15 each. He also runs a van and has three assistants to pay.

One Place He Is Barred

Since they have several broods a year, Edwards is pretty sure he will never annihilate London's pigeons. Though he recently reduced those on St. Paul's to twelve, they are multiplying again. One of the few places in central London in which he has no authority is, ironically, Trafalgar Square, where pigeons are so pampered by tourists that hawkers make a good living selling corn.

"Every time I pass on the bus, I just have to look the other way," says Edwards. "But wait till I get my hands on 'em. I shan't half give 'em a caning."

THE END

Shawnee Raid

by *HARVENA C. RICHTER*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

Kirsty had seen the carnage the Indians left. Sudden, blinding hate for this painted fiend swept over her

THE SAVAGES MUST HAVE STRUCK at dawn. Charcoal burners out on the mountain heard the shooting and saw a dread cloud of smoke rising from the valley. That night the charcoal burners found men, women and children murdered in their dooryards and others burned unrecognizably in their kitchens and beds.

Jeb Starnes, the blacksmith, lay with his scalped head beside his anvil. Only a few had escaped, including the collier, who was at Freeburg, and Captain Chalmers and his superintendent, who had gone to Philadelphia.

The desolated place was called Hope Furnace; it was named after Hope, the furnace-owner's child. A tinker brought the story to the fine house in the nearby village of Bedford. His little audience listened with exclamations of pity and horror.

One of them stood there mute and grim, a young, powerful figure of a girl in her twenties, with a strong face and hair red as a flame. "The wee lass, Hope—did the master take her along when he went to Philadelphia?" she asked.

"He and his overseer went alone," the tinker



said. "The child was caught with the rest, God rest her small soul."

The girl, whose name was Kirsty McCullough, said fiercely: "How do you know? Did the charcoal burners bury the child?"

The tinker shook his head gloomily. "No, they saw nor heard nought of her. But it was night and they had no time to search or to bury."

"Who's at Hope Furnace now?" Kirsty asked.

"Who would you expect? Nobody but the dead. And nobody dares to show his face there till the military comes."

"And all the time the dying must lie there untended and the dead unburied?" Kirsty asked.

"There's none left alive for you to worry over," the tinker retorted. "The charcoal burners found only two with breath when they came, and only one of those got to Freeburg alive."

Kirsty went to the kitchen with a grim face.

"You've had your revenge on the ironmaster now for discharging you," Crecy, the cook, said. But Kirsty turned on her with such fire that the cook retreated.

That night Kirsty found no sleep. All she could see before her eyes was the child, Hope Chalmers; first a babe in her arms, then a motherless child in her lap; and in time a small, wilful girl with flaxen hair and snapping black eyes who would have been a difficult charge to any nurse but Kirsty, climbing out on the attic roof perched as a pigeon to make Kirsty fetch her, running along the narrow top of the garden wall, and, most of all, hanging on her peg. That was their favourite game, started one day when Hope didn't want to leave her room while it was being scrubbed. Kirsty had lifted her up and hooked the back of her skirt on a wooden peg on the wall. The little girl was slight and fine-boned, of almost no weight, and she hung there chattering happily until the room was done. Instead of punishment, it had been a delightful treat.

"Hang me on the wall! Hang me on the wall!" she would pester Kirsty each day.

And now that child was lying mutilated and unburied, the tinker said. Kirsty couldn't stand it. When the clock struck two, she sat up in bed and made up her mind. Then she rose and dressed.

With a candle lit down in the kitchen she made her way up the front stairs to knock on a bedroom door.

"**B**UT you're mad, Kirsty!" her mistress, sitting up in bed in her nightcap, told her. "It would take you the rest of the night and all day. And if you got there alive, what would you do?"

"I could bury her from wolves and foxes," Kirsty muttered.

"That's men's work. But not even men will dare go back till the military does."

"If no man goes back now," Kirsty said, the Scotch burr heavy in her voice, "then I must."

She went. She walked for hours and the sun was high next morning when a man in a buckboard gave her a lift to the tollhouse where the road forked to Hope Furnace. As the driver stopped for toll, Kirsty thanked him for the ride, stepped down and started off on foot. Both men looked after her sternly.

"You can't go out that way, miss," the tollkeeper called. "You won't find nobody home. All the folks twixt here and the Furnace went through here yesterday and day before. Took everything with them. They're staying at the

fort at Freeburg till it's over. Don't think a soul's left in Monroe Valley."

Kirsty wouldn't tell them where she was going. She just kept on with her shawl and her bundle down the Furnace road. Not till the first mountain stood nearly over her did she look back. Then she entered the long, dim, winding gap through pines and hemlocks that never had appeared so black and forbidding as today.

Surely, she had told herself, there would be some semblance of life left in Monroe Valley, a few hardy folks who would trust to their powder and stay. But once through the gap she could not see a sign of life around house or cabin. Several houses close to the road had hewn planks nailed across doors and windows. Never did she hate so much to come to the end of a valley, of the human open fields, of young wheat, of chokecherry blooming along the road and apple trees pink and white in orchards.

To solace herself, she ate a bit of her cold meat and journey-cake going up the second mountain.

IT was a long way up, and late afternoon when she came down on the other side. Nothing had changed here since she saw it last. No sign of disturbance, not even an Indian's feather along the road. On the way down, she stopped to listen. From this distance one could usually hear the roar of Captain Richard's furnace. She remembered that now the furnace was cold. That was why the collier and others had gone on a holiday to Freeburg. But she thought she must hear the cry of playing children or the bark of dogs. All was still.

Still she couldn't believe there was anything wrong—not till she rounded the final bend in the road. The last time she had gazed from this spot, more than a score of houses had lined both sides of the street. Here founders, keepers, guttermen, blacksmiths and plantation hands used to hurry home to their families at the end of their twelve-hour shifts. Now the village lay in ashes. All that remained standing were the stone furnace, ore house and mansion house that refused to take the torch.

A sudden early evening breeze drifted towards Kirsty, bringing smoke that still rose from the long-smouldering embers, and with it, the scent of char, ruin and death. It was all so real and evil that the impulse to turn back was very strong. But she passed through the servants' gate in the side wall. The house stood silent and sinister behind the trees. The mutilated figure of Peter, the yard man, lay near the back porch. Kirsty moved around towards the front. The great door was open and the dark doorway reminded her of an evil black eye watching her. After a minute, she stepped up on the porch and forced herself in. If the little girl, Hope, lay dead, here was where she must find her.

Standing on the threshold, Kirsty suddenly tasted the full bitterness of her journey. If she had had any secret hope, it was gone now. There was only the stamp of death over everything. Hatchets had gouged the beautiful glass panels on either side of the doorway. Within lay a dim scene of savage destruction such as she had never dreamed possible.

The fruitwood table she had seen rubbed with oil till it glowed rosy in the firelight was split like kindling. Chairs were slashed apart and the torn pages of precious books lay scattered on the floor. Dishes were smashed to bits. The free-stone hearth that had been scrubbed every day was dark with some hideous stain. All that stirred in this once-lively house were a few goose feathers from ripped-up pillows, moving ghostly in the draught.

Once she was startled by a slight noise overhead. She froze to the floor, but it did not recur. Nevertheless, it took all her stubborn will, fortified by a bloody cleaver from the kitchen, to climb the broad stairs. She had to step over the body of Miss Ella, a distant cousin of the captain's, lying on the landing. Evidently she



The sound brought her back to the room. In despair now, she called out the child's name

had come to take care of the child after Kirsty had gone.

Kirsty made herself go into every room, putting off until last the child's room in the rear south corner, for that she feared the most to enter. But Hope's bedroom stood starkly empty in the shadows, as did the adjoining one where she, as the child's nurse, had slept. Only the attic now remained to be searched, and the distaff of Granny Allison's flax wheel, upraised like a gnarled finger, warned her not to go on. She had a glimpse through the open attic door at the roof beyond. For a horrible moment she thought she saw shining blonde hair hanging there. Then suddenly she realized it was only hanks of flax hung up on the rafters.

"God have mercy!" she spoke aloud, then stiffened at the mysterious sound that had troubled her before. It seemed like a foot scraping on the floor and to have come from the child's room. Something stirred the hair at the back of her neck. Why, she had just searched that room and there had been nothing there! After a little, she forced herself to enter again. As before, the room was empty.

"Hope Chalmers, where do you lie?" she cried in despair.

AT the sound of her voice, a creak came behind her. She turned. The door to the hall had been as far back against the corner as it would go. Now it was slowly moving. She stood there, cold as ice. When it came far enough from the wall, she made out behind it the thin form and wild face and eyes of the one she sought. Those black eyes stared at her with nameless fear for a moment, then the child ran and buried her face with an incoherent cry in the Scots girl's skirt.

"God in heaven," Kirsty whispered; and then, to the child: "Och, now, lassie, you needn't cry no more. Your Kirsty's here. She won't go

He grabbed her hair and began pulling her towards the furnace, his fingers stretching out for the tomahawk. Kirsty felt her strength slipping away

away from you again. Not this night, anyway."

Yet all the time while the sobs continued and the small hands worked convulsively in the skirt of her short gown, Kirsty guessed what the little girl must have gone through.

Before the evening was over, Hope had told her everything—how a savage had entered her room and struck the bed and beneath it with his spear. She had stood behind the door as she had for Kirsty, and had never been seen or touched, although the miller's girl, Maggie, who had stayed with her that night, had run up the attic steps and was tomahawked there. Kirsty could see her now if she went up the stairs and looked.

Kirsty let the child talk. Afterwards, she gave her what cold meat and journey-cake she had left. They slept together in Kirsty's old bed through the long night. But first, with Hope holding on to her like a leech, she fetched water in a wooden pail from the run.

Once morning came with its bright and hopeful sunshine there was work to do, the dead to get out of house and yard and under ground, food to prepare. They would have to stay, for Hope could stand no such journey now. Besides, the military might come today or tomorrow, and the child's father, Captain Richard, soon after.

It was the third day when Hope cried to her from upstairs that someone was coming through the front gate. Kirsty snatched the poker from the fireplace. Then, with its strong length in her hand, she went to the door.

"Mr. Fannin!" Never had the familiar and massive figure of Dick Fannin, the collier, been such a welcome sight.

"We heard somebody was here," he said, "but I never expected to find you or any other woman." He looked as if he were a little ashamed of his sex. "When are you leaving?"

"Not till the captain gets back."

The collier looked grave. "He's not coming. He sent word from Carlisle. He told the man he sent he'd rot before he set foot on the place again. The messenger said he's fearful cut up. He don't want to look on his dead child without her hair. Me and Tobin are to bury her by the grave of his wife and set up a stone like she has."

"And what if the lass don't want to be buried?" Kirsty asked.

Not until the child had come downstairs would the collier believe Hope alive. He shouted for Tobin. That night the two left for Freeburg and the ironmaster. By the next evening they were back with one of the charcoal burners. A day or two later, other men followed, looking for the jobs of the massacred. The news that a young woman and child were living at Hope Furnace had gone abroad. Daily they helped the collier to bury the dead, and after that to stoke the furnace preparatory to its blowing-in when Captain Richard came.

Then one afternoon he was there, driving a strange horse, and beside him on the seat of the chaise a new nurse and schoolmistress combined, by name Mrs. Tomkins. He had fetched her all the way from Lancaster town.

At the sight of him, all the pent-up resentment and bitterness Kirsty had for him came alive. Always their natures had seemed to clash. She could never forget his reproof the first time he had found Hope hung by her skirt on a peg.

"But she likes it!" Kirsty had protested.

"I don't care. No child of mine is going to be hung up like a criminal on a gibbet," he said. "If you do it again, consider yourself discharged."

She never thought he would dare to send her away against Hope's tears, but he had kept his word. Lately it had been like an idyll in the big house with him away. Now he was back and she would have to go. Not a step would she take to welcome him.

"Run to your father!" she told the child.

But Hope, remembering what had happened

"The Far Country" by NEVIL SHUTE begins next week

JOHN BULL begins exclusive world publication next week of a magnificent new novel by Nevil Shute. It is called *THE FAR COUNTRY*, and it is one of the most fascinating and absorbing books this famous author has written.

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before, only clung to her the fiercer, and to save the ironmaster embarrassment she had to take the lass up to him by the hand for a greeting. He kissed Hope. Then he gave Kirsty a stern, unreadable glance.

"So it's you?" he said. "I heard, but I didn't believe it."

Kirsty didn't say anything.

"Well, I'm obliged to you for looking after the child while you stayed," the ironmaster went on. He introduced the stranger. "This is Mrs. Tomkins, who will take care of Hope now."

KIRSTY greeted her coolly. "I'm glad you came, ma'am. Now I can go back to my work in Bedford."

"You can go as soon as you wish," the captain said stiffly. "But there's still danger. When it's safe for one of the men to go to Freeburg for supplies, you will go along."

He stood there for a little, looking at her, the vein above his right eye throbbing as it always did when some difference rose between them. Neither of them said any more, but she was shocked at the sight of how gaunt he looked. Black hollows caved under his eyes. She struggled to force back the sudden pity that rose

unbidden in her. Then she turned and went upstairs to set his room in order.

Next week, he informed her of the day she could go. So this, Kirsty told herself that evening, was her last night in the furnace house, perhaps the last time she would ever see Hope Chalmers. She would be off in the early morning before the lass waked. The child wasn't to be told until Kirsty had gone.

Her rest was shallow and fitful that night. Only towards morning did she fall into a deep sleep. It was out of this that she awoke with the curious feeling that the furnace bell was ringing. She felt somebody on the bed. It was Hope, her face set and strained in the early morning light.

"They've come back," she whispered.

"Who?" Kirsty asked, sitting up. She knew before the child told her. Several had warned that, on their way north, the savages might pass this way again, but never had she let herself believe it.

At the sound of the first ugly shots ringing out on the still air, Kirsty pulled the child to the floor. In a corner out of reach of the windows, she quickly dressed herself while the yelling and gunfire rose. Afterwards, she took the girl to her room.

"Where's Mrs. Tomkins?" Kirsty asked.

"She's scared. She told papa why did he bring her to this terrible place. She said now she'll never get out alive."

Kirsty dressed the child in dark and inconspicuous wool.

"Now I want you to stay here in your room," she told her clearly. "It may be for a long time. If, after a while, you shouldn't hear any of us, I want you to do something. Go behind the door like you did the other time, and stay there."

It was a grim scene that met Kirsty's eyes as she went down the stairs. Doors to the outside had been bolted and barricaded, while hard-faced men with rifles and muskets stood to the side of the windows. Smoke from the fire drifted through the parlour amid terrifying yells from the stone walls and trees about the house.

As the morning went by, it angered Kirsty. The furniture she had patched together was now piled in heaps at the doors, while bullets and arrows winged with flame kept singing through the broken windows, puncturing hangings and furnishings she had mended, and starting small fires she smothered as quickly as she could. But it was the wild yells of the savages she hated the most, for the child's sake.

The noise seldom let up for long. The Indians were in great force, flushed with their victorious raids south and east, and armed with rifles and ammunition from a week's pillaging. They fired on the house from the shelter of gateposts, walls and trees. Time after time they made fanatic sallies, stopped only by lead and cold steel before they could force their way through doors and windows. Ten days ago they had beaten and burned this place when it contained more than a hundred souls. They were not going to give it up now when it numbered no more than ten.

By the second day, the precious powder in the house was getting low. Then Fannin remembered a half-filled keg buried in the ore house. It was still there when they had stoked the furnace. When night came again, one of them might try for it in the darkness. But at the pace the battle was going now, the house could never hold out until then.

Kirsty thought about it while she went around loading rifles, binding flesh wounds, bringing the men food and water, taking with an axe the place of one or another who had to leave with his rifle to man some unexpected quarter. There was not a man who could be spared, and the chances were he would be shot to death before he got fifty feet from the

Continued on page 32

Being Elizabeth Allan has its ups and downs

by WILFRED GREATORÈX

For her, television has meant that stardom begins again at forty-two. "But when you've seen it all before," she says cannily, "you don't let it take your breath away"



Elizabeth Allan relaxes at home with her husband, Bill O'Bryen. Belittling herself and exaggerating her age, she was partly to blame for her own eclipse

STUCK FOR PERSONALITIES for a new programme called *What's My Line?* television producer Leslie Jackson asked his wife for suggestions one night at dinner last August. "What about Liz Allan?" said Jo Jackson. Leslie noted the name without evident enthusiasm. Two hours later, however, Elizabeth Allan, film star of the thirties, ex-darling of most studios between Ealing and Hollywood, but latterly better known to show business as Mrs. Bill O'Bryen, wife of Sir Alexander Korda's right-hand man, and to the public hardly known at all, got a call from Jackson.

"It was," she recalls, "quite a shock. My career has always gone in fits and starts, but it had been on the downbeat for years. I'd almost given up hope of ever working again." Unsure of this turn of fortune, she explained (after the producer had outlined the nature of the show) that she was no ad libber; but Jackson, forewarned of her talent for self-depreciation, was persistent. "Come and try," he suggested.

In the first programme, Elizabeth Allan was taut, nervous and unhappy. "I'd lost my camera-sense," she recently admitted, "and just gaped like a fish—boggle-eyed and open-mouthed." She skimmed her questions, hardly dared look at any of the challengers, and failed to get even one of their occupations right.

Went Back To Housewifery

She went back to her Georgian home in Wilton Crescent, off Hyde Park Corner, somewhat saddened and intent on sticking to housewifery. What happened after that is not clear even to Bill O'Bryen. "Liz had been unusually strained for days before going on the air," he recalls. "She wasn't at all happy about it. But the next morning she was her normal self again. She knew she hadn't done well. But she learned long ago to take life as it comes."

For the second show the following week, Liz was poised and assured. By the time it ended, it was obvious to studio staffs, critics, producers, a million or more viewers and even the more realistic among currently popular actresses that Jackson had rediscovered a star. In an alluring evening gown and wearing long, dazzling earrings, Liz laughed and wisecracked through most of the thirty minutes so effectively that one critic wrote: "TV has found a sparkler." Another said: "Elizabeth Allan is still a gay and lively charmer."

It was no flash-in-the-pan. When *What's My Line?* was rested last April until the autumn, Elizabeth Allan was a national celebrity again, back in the Press-cuttings and getting a steady fan-mail from those who remembered her in prewar films opposite such actors as Clark Gable and Leslie Howard, as well as from younger admirers who, as Liz now likes to put it, "thought I was brand-new."

A Choice Of Five Plays

Today, at forty-two, she is on the crest of a comeback that has so far brought two films, broadcasts, advertising offers, the choice of five plays due in the West End, an income (of growing dimensions), and the usual *minutiae* of fame—personal appearances, and calls from social and charitable institutions. "You don't let it take your breath away when you've seen it all before," says Liz reservedly. "But I'm glad about the film chances."

Looking-in at *What's My Line?* one night was Emeric Pressburger, the film director, who is one of O'Bryen's colleagues under Korda. For weeks he had sought an actress to play "a domesticated and sophisticated newspaperwoman with twins" in a film titled *Twice Upon A Time*. As he watched Liz trying all her tricks of personality to squeeze information about their jobs out of a range of characters varying from the brazen to the over-diffident, he felt sure she would fill the bill. "I rang O'Bryen," he has

Continued on page 34

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

by HAMMOND INNES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

They said I wouldn't find oil; that I could not live six months. I had done both—and now I wanted more

WE HAD STRUCK OIL. After weeks of scheming and drilling, it had happened! That night, the great rig buckled with the tremendous pressure and the pipeline squeezed out of the earth like toothpaste out of a tube. I was too dazed to understand it, too shaken to consider whether our success had come in time. . . .

I had begun drilling for oil in Campbell's Kingdom in defiance of a powerful industrial group who had almost completed a dam up there, and who threatened to flood us out. The land, 7,000 feet up in the Canadian Rockies, had been left to me by my grandfather, Stuart Campbell, with the plea that I carry on his life's work and prove it to be oil-bearing.

On the same day that I heard of my inheritance, I also learned, from a London specialist, that I had only a few more months to live. But five months had passed since I received that final medical opinion and, miraculously, I was still alive.

My partners in the oil venture were Boy Bladen and Garry Keogh, an oil driller. For two months we had resisted all efforts by the dam-builders to stop us drilling, and had almost exhausted our supplies. We had been joined early on by Jean Lucas, the English girl who had befriended my grandfather in the last years of his life, and to whom I had been irresistibly drawn. I needed her company now. My time was getting short—and the tempers of the drillers, as our efforts bore no fruit, even shorter.

Morale was at its lowest ebb when Peter Trevedian, the contractor building the dam, accompanied officially by a Provincial policeman, came to warn us that the Kingdom would be flooded the next morning. If we wanted to save the equipment, we'd have to get busy.

And it was that night that the fantastic spectacle occurred. We barely had time to get clear before the whole rig was lifted bodily off the ground and, with a rending and tearing of steel, crashed down. Then, with a mighty roar, the gas shot up. We had brought in our well.

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Dam

"GARRY! Garry!" Boy's voice sounded thin against the roar of the escaping gas. We splashed back towards the rig, searching for him and stumbled against pieces of machinery, the scrapheap of the rig. "Garry!"

A shape loomed out of the darkness. A hand gripped mine. "Well, we struck it." It was Garry and his voice trembled slightly.

I'd been too dazed to consider the cause of the

disaster. I still couldn't believe it. "You mean we've struck oil?"

"Well, we've struck gas. There'll be oil down there, too, I guess."

"It hasn't done your rig much good," I said. I don't know why, but I couldn't think of anything else to say. It was all too sudden, too unreal.

"Oh, to hell with the rig." He laughed. It was a queer sound, violent and trembling and rather high-pitched against the solid roar of the gas. "We've done what we came up here to do. We've proved there's oil down there. And we've done it in time. Come on. Let's rout the boys out. Steve must see this. He's our independent observer. This is going to shake the Larsen outfit." And that high-pitched laugh sent out its trembling challenge again to the din of the escaping gas.

NOT until we were clear of the site and away from the noise of the gas did I realize that the moon had vanished, swallowed by the inky blackness that was rolling across the night sky. Half-way to the ranch-house, a gust of wind struck us. From the slopes of Solomon's Judgment came a hissing sound that enveloped and obliterated the sound of the well. And then, suddenly, a wall of water fell on us. It was a rainstorm, but as solid as if a cloud had condensed and dropped. It drove the breath back into one's throat and made one claw the air as though reaching for something to grasp to pull one out of the flood.

When I looked back, there was no sign of the broken rig, only blackness and the sound of water. A flash of lightning ripped across our heads, momentarily revealing my companions as three half-drowned wraiths. And then the thunder came like a gun and went rolling round the circle of mountains. Flash after flash of lightning followed, often so close that we could hear the hiss of it, feel the crack as it stabbed the ground.

Somehow we reached the ranch-house. Nobody was up. The place was as silent, as if it had been deserted. We stripped to the buff and built up the fire, huddling our bodies close to it and drinking some rye that Boy had found. There seemed no point in waking the others. There was nothing to see and the storm was so violent that it was quite out of the question to take them down to have a look at the well. We drifted off to our bunks and as my head touched the pillow, I remember thinking that everything was going to be all right now. We had proved there was oil in the Kingdom. My grandfather's beliefs were confirmed, my own life justified. And then I was asleep.

It was Jean who woke me. She seemed very

excited about something and I felt desperately tired. She kept on shaking me. "Quick, Bruce. Something's happened."

"I know," I mumbled. "We didn't wake you because there was a storm—" I rolled out of my bunk and pulled a coat on over my pyjamas. I was really rather enjoying myself as she took hold of my hand and pulled me through into the ranch-house and over to the window.

I don't know quite how I had expected it to look by daylight, but when I reached the window and looked out across the Kingdom, drab grey and swept by rain, I stood appalled. There was nothing to show we'd ever drilled there or ever had a rig there. I was looking out across a wide expanse of water. It began just beyond the barns and it extended right across to the slopes of the mountains on the farther side. The Kingdom was already half flooded. It was a lake and the wind was driving across it, ploughing it up into waves and flecking it with white.

"Oh God!" I said, and I dropped my head on my arms.

Steve Strachan, the newspaper reporter, did



"Things will begin to hum now," said Garry. He



grinned cheerfully and turned to follow Johnnie out of the door. Jean did not move or say a word. She just stood there by the bed, looking down at me

his best to try and visualize the well blowing in as we had seen it, but I knew he wasn't really convinced. We were too strung-up; I suppose he felt that in those circumstances a man is capable of seeing something that never really happened. He did his best. He made polite noises as we described every detail of it.

At the end, he said quietly: "Have you anything concrete—anything at all—to prove that it really happened?"

But what evidence had we? Soaked to the skin, we trudged along the shores of that damned lake looking for a slick of oil, or stood, searching the spot where the rig had been, trying to locate the bubbles that the escaping gas must be making. But little white-caps frisked across the spot and even through glasses we could see no sign of bubbles. The memory of that gas vent hissing high into the night faded until it was difficult for those of us who had actually seen it to believe that it had been real.

I remember Garry standing there cursing while the rain streamed down his lined face as though he were crying. "Our only hope is to persuade

them to drain the Kingdom," he said. "Independent judges could tell at a glance that we'd struck oil-bearing country."

"How?" Steve Strachan asked.

"How? By the way the pipe is bent, you fool! By the way the rig is smashed." His voice was high and taut. "Come on, Bruce. We'd better go over and have a word with them."

I NODDED reluctantly, afraid he might do something stupid when faced with Trevedian. He was at the end of his tether and his big hands twitched as though he wanted to get them round the throat of some adversary. We took two horses and cantered along the shores of the lake, below the buttress and across the rock outcrops to where the wire ran down the mountainside and into the water. They had seen us coming and there was a little group waiting for us like a reception committee. There was Trevedian and the policeman who had come with him the previous day and two of Trevedian's men carrying rifles.

For a moment we sat our horses looking at

them and they stood looking at us. I could see anger building up inside Garry's big frame. Trevedian waited, his small eyes alert. The policeman said nothing. Words suddenly burst from Garry's lips with explosive force. "What the hell do you mean by drowning my rig? You gave us till ten this morning."

"My warning referred to the house and buildings," Trevedian glanced at his watch. "It's now nine twenty. You've forty minutes to get clear of the buildings."

"But what about the rig?" Garry demanded. "What right had you—"

"You could have moved it," Trevedian cut in. "However, since you haven't, I've no doubt the courts will include the value of it in their grant of compensation."

Garry turned to the police officer. "Were you up here last night when they began flooding?"

The man shook his head. "No I came up here this morning in case there was trouble."

"Well, there's going to be plenty of trouble," Garry snapped. "Do you realize you've

Continued on page 26

I join a Buddhist pilgrimage in Mandalay

It is in the city of carnival and prayer that the heart of Burma beats. Rich in history, it has become a centre of the Buddhist faith which Prime Minister Thakin Nu hopes will unite his nation



MANDALAY

WHEN WE ASKED THE SMALL BOY who was flying the kite at the corner where the begging-bowl quarter was, he jumped on our jeep and took us there at once. From a row of bamboo houses came the clang of metal ringing on metal. Small home-made forges glowed in front of the houses as men and boys bent over anvils, patiently beating old petrol drum-sides into the rounded form of *thabaiks*—the deep bowls which Buddhist monks carry around every morning, supported on a broad cloth band round their necks, as they go from house to house begging their daily food.

We went into the largest of the houses and the proprietor showed us how the bowls were black-lacquered, dried and handsomely polished. There were three sizes, one appropriate to each rank of monk, and each bowl carried a label with the portrait of the proprietor. "Ba Chit's Sturdy Begging Bowls of Best Iron," it read. "Made by a Man who Respects the Five Precepts." The output, Ba Chit said, was 500 begging bowls a week.

In the early morning, the streets in Mandalay were strung with a long orange garland as the monks in their orange-yellow robes moved along, swiftly and silently, one after the other, from house to house, averting their eyes and thrusting out the black begging bowl, its capacious depths ready to receive whatever food the housewife chose to deposit. The orange flow was punctuated now and then by the odd small boy from the pagoda school who jogged along with covered round trays dangling from both ends of the pole over his shoulder, trays in which he collected the choicer curries for his monastery's table. And all day long in the famed Arakan Pagoda, people kneeled before the great golden Buddha, burning joss-sticks, rattling the numbered woods in their cylindrical container and buying the prayer-papers indicated at the throw, or plastering books of the thinnest gold-leaf on the Buddha's vast thighs, thereby storing up merit.

At night the eye was caught—and held transfixed—by the lights that went climbing into the sky, outlining the pilgrim paths as they wind up Mandalay Hill, its slopes clustered with temples and shrines, its heights crowned with pagodas and monasteries which by day float above the rooftops of Mandalay like a vision.

Work Of The Great Hermit

Under the slope of Mandalay Hill, lay a large modern ferro-concrete building across the front of which ran large Burmese characters picked out in lights. "U KHANTI," the illuminated sign was translated for me, "U KHANTI—THE GREAT HERMIT." Inside, U Khanti's "personal assistant" told me the great man's story. The son of a peasant, he had formerly been a monk, but had put off the orange robe to assume "hermit" status because, according to the rules, a monk is not allowed to receive or handle money. And this would have gravely interfered with U Khanti's self-appointed mission which was to restore and refurbish Buddhist holy spots and relics all over Burma.

So far, U Khanti had established twenty properly furnished holy spots, involving no less than forty-one Buddha relics. It was U Khanti, too, who, over forty years of labour, had "restored" Mandalay Hill, covering it with stone steps and shrines and making it a centre of pilgrimage for all Burma.

U Khanti, the Great Hermit himself—he had died a few months before—had taken up his position in the large modernistic "reception hall" three-quarters of the way up the hill, there collecting his tribute from the panting

Burmese girls leaving the famed Arakan Pagoda in Mandalay. All day long pilgrims pass by the great golden Buddha inside to offer their gifts



With their begging bowls strapped around their necks, Burmese monks pass through the streets to beg for food. In Mandalay alone, there are 6,000 monks

pilgrims. The tariff was long, varied and comprehensive. For so many rupees you could provide one more step up the hillside; for Rs 100 you could furnish a strip of corrugated-iron roofing to cover the pilgrim path; for Rs 75 a crosspiece with a couple of tin-spires; for Rs 150 a small block in the wall of one of the temples housing Buddha—a very small block, of course, the large blocks were extra. On the blocks, great and small, and on the pieces of corrugated iron, all the way up the hill, were painted the names of the people who had subscribed them: it was an ingenious arrangement by which you not only usefully built up your store of merit, but also gratified the universal human instinct to write one's name on walls in public places.

Halfway up the hill, in front of a glittering Buddha, backed by mosaics of sparkling coloured glass and heaped with chrysanthemums, was the tariff for lighting the hill. A whole night of light, 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., would cost you Rs 75, but then you could have part of a night for Rs 35, and, if you could not run even to that, one hour for nine and a half rupees. And a single rupee would switch on one lamp for one hour so that even the poorest could look up at Mandalay Hill and say, "That lamp I lighted to the glory of Buddha."

Giant Footprint Of Buddha

Leaving our shoes at the bottom we began the long climb, zig-zagging up the Hermit's steps, under the corrugated-iron roof, from stage to stage, past the Reclining Buddha, past the Pointing Buddha, past the Giant Footprint of Buddha, past the twenty-seven foot high Standing Buddha, which my companion, a pagoda trustee, assured me marked Buddha's natural height, until we reached the summit where an inconspicuous plaque was set in a wall: "Erected to commemorate the Fierce Fighting in the Clearance and Final Capture of

Mandalay Hill by the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, March 10-12, 1945."

Looking down from the summit your eye was caught by the long sombre line of a massive crenellated wall, and, following it around, you noted that it formed a huge square, surrounded by a moat. To the British this had been "Fort Dufferin"; to the Burmese, it was the old "Gem City" of King Mindon, a fairy-tale city, a casket enclosing a jewel case enshrining a Son of Heaven, who lived within the Within, resplendent and remote, as the universe revolved around him, reflecting his radiance.

Ruins Of The Golden Palace

But the mellow red walls were crumbling now. They enclosed nothing. Grass tufted over the ruins of good King Mindon's Golden Palace, over the foundations of the white Water-clock Tower and the Tooth Relic Tower which had spiral staircases round their outsides, like helter-skelters; grass grew, too, over the Audience Hall with its Lion Throne and seven-tiered golden spire, over the watchtowers on the roof where the guards had kept constant watch to scare off the owls, which are birds of ill-omen. In March, 1945, when the Japs had taken shelter here, a few light shells fired from Mandalay Hill had effaced in half an hour all that remained of the glory that had been the Kingdom of Ava. There was nothing now but two old Portuguese cannon, standing forlorn before the empty marble steps of the Palace.

For the Burmese the past was not so easily effaced. There were still living in Mandalay a good many men who could recall their boyish excitement when, in 1885, English soldiers came marching up to Mandalay in their Wolsley helmets, bands blaring and flags flying, and General Prendergast—as later pictured in the *Illustrated London News*—took out his watch and gave King Thibaw five minutes grace. They could still recall in their mind's eye the

wretched king, their King, jolting slowly along, crowded into that bullock-cart with his mother-in-law and his wives as he passed on his way to the river-steamer which was to carry him to exile in India. They could remember the day Lord Dufferin had issued the order to demolish their houses within the Gem City's walls and men had started to stake out the ground for the British barracks that would rise in their stead.

Now the old walls were empty, and yet not wholly empty, for, though faintly and erratically, it was here and not in Rangoon—in the old capital, and not in the new—that Burma's heart beat. Here lay the roots of so much that was otherwise inexplicable in the Burmese character—the love of colour, the braggadocio, the total absence of servility in all classes, the prickly sensitiveness which turned on occasion to xenophobia, the uncertain mixture of courtesy and abruptness. And here, too, perhaps, lay the seeds of the future which would one day arise to link the confused and dreary present with the rich, gilded past.

'The Annual Monks' Benefit

For Mandalay's 6,000 *pongyis* (monks) this was a memorable season of the year, the season of the *kathains*, a sort of annual popular monks' benefit—once irreverently called "the *pongyis'* Christmas." Already all the pavements of the town were lined with white wooden latticework stands on which presently the shopkeepers, the schools, the various local associations would hang their gifts for display before presentation to the chosen monastery. A *kathain* generally lasted two days: there was the showing of the gifts, the party to view them to which you invited your friends; then, next day the procession all through the town, the presentation at the monastery, the benediction by the abbot.

And one afternoon, inside a small *pongyi-kyaung*, a long, bare wooden hall raised on



A procession bearing gifts for the monks moves through Mandalay in the annual *pongyis* "benefit"

stilts, I witnessed the grand climax of a *kathain*. One by one, the gifts, the vacuum flasks, the besoms, the sunshades, the white enamel basins, the pots and pans and handkerchiefs were laid at the feet of the old abbot who sat cross-legged on the raised dais, wearing an expression of bored abstraction. Not even when a large box of fancy biscuits was laid at his feet did so much as a flicker of interest cross the wrinkled old face. For it was not permitted to a good Buddhist monk to show gratitude or give thanks. Those were worldly emotions—and he was not of the world.

Outside the police headquarters they were repairing the road—Thakin Nu, the Prime Minister, was flying up from Rangoon to attend the police *kathain*. That occasioned no surprise, for the Prime Minister's concern for Buddhism was well known. When Aung San, the hero of Burma's independence, had been assassinated, Thakin Nu had been about to retire from politics to a life of Buddhist meditation and writing. He had a simple bamboo shed, away from his wife and family, built at the bottom of his garden for that purpose. He still yearned for that retreat, had indeed from time to time announced his retirement.

Thakin Nu is in fact a type of leader for whom politics and religion are not two, but one. His speeches, like Nehru's are full of moralizing and appeals to reason and goodness—political sermons full of homely parables for the people. Well aware of the weaknesses of the Burmese, he deliberately tries to bring out the better side of their characters. "Don't be Mr. Zeros," he appeals, imploring his hearers to accept each his responsibility as a citizen of a newly independent nation. A firm democrat, he is always preaching the superiority of ballots to bullets.

Charlatans Among The Monks

But it was in the revival of Buddhism that the Prime Minister placed his greatest faith. Unfortunately, the practice of Buddhism often failed to live up to the prospectus. That happens to all religions, but Buddhism, by its unorganized nature, had offered unusual opportunities of corruption. Each monastery—and indeed each monk, almost—is a law unto itself. Anyone can put on the yellow robe when he feels like it; anyone can take it off when he has had enough: it is purely a matter for the individual's conscience.

Since the robe confers at once a privileged position—in a Mandalay hospital, I found, only the *pongyis* got white blankets—and, in addition, enables one to be fed and housed in some comfort at the public expense, it is hardly surprising that the Burmese sometimes find it necessary

to make a sharp distinction between the "yellow robes" and the genuine monks.

The "yellow robes" are a familiar old nuisance in Burma. When I arrived in Mandalay the big bamboo theatre where a play was being put on by a famous actor's company had just been shut down. It had been shut down because the *pongyis*, not having been given the free seats which they demanded as their right, had threatened to wreck the place and burn it down! Certain places were notorious for their "bed monks." One was always hearing stories of "yellow robes" who hung around markets and fêtes, sidling up to and pinching the girls—the recognized amatory approach in Burma. Yet to criticize such conduct was dangerous. A newspaper editor who printed a cartoon unflattering to *pongyis* had his office invaded by swarms of them and his presses broken up. A novelist who wrote about the love affair of a *pongyi* was very nearly killed.

Power Of The Monasteries

All this goes very deep. Before the British took the Road to Mandalay the whole fabric of Burmese society was sustained upon the Buddhist monasteries which covered the land. The law was monastery—or Buddhist—law. The schools were monastery schools. Even members of the Royal Family would, at some period in their youth, have shaved their heads and, as is the custom for all Burmese boys, served for some months as monks in a monastery.

Even today, in its present reduced and largely chaotic state, the Buddhist "church" still disposes of an influence so powerful that, in self-protection, Burma's postwar political leaders have forbidden the monks to intervene in politics. And yet these Buddhist monks—so well distributed over Burma—could surely be the natural instruments of that pacification of which Burma stands so greatly in need. Reformed, mobilized in social service, could not they give Buddhism that rôle in nation-building that Prime Minister Thakin Nu visualizes for it?

It is all but impossible for a Westerner to answer, yet there are certain facts which he cannot help observing. Buddhism is not a particularly *social* religion—even less in the facts of its practice than in its pure doctrine. During the Buddhist "Lent" in Mandalay the bullock-carts had gone creaking through the streets loaded down with rice for the monks. For one acquired far more "merit" by giving rice to a *pongyi*—even though he might have no need of it—than by giving it to the unholy poor. And Buddhist kindness and charity looked away from life rather than towards it, arose not from love, but from an absence of passion. The prime

object after all was not to build a new nation and a just society but to attain Nirvana.

Halfway up Mandalay Hill there is a large wire cage containing the usual tableau in which Buddha, then the young Prince Siddhartha, is to be seen in the act of abandoning the world. On one side of the cage you see Buddha's sleeping wife, a baby at her breast; at the other side, the Vision which drove him from her side to wander through India. The figures of the Vision are life-size, caricatures with an edge of nightmare, by Cruikshank out of Dickens. A withered old man bent double over a stick—the Old Age that must come to all of us; a pallid fellow, ribs horribly protruding, cheeks sunken—the sickness which all flesh is heir to; a corpse with three black crows picking at the eyeballs.

The hopelessness of this world, the vanity of all human craving—that, after all, is the central idea from which Buddhism begins. And yet no one who has travelled in the Buddhist lands can say that their people appear particularly weighed down by this notion. On the contrary, these countries of South-East Asia are notable for their gaiety of spirit, their love of bright colour, of flowers and fêtes so that they seem to take on a water-colour radiance, the brilliant, stereoscopic effect of the world of a child.

Prince Lived In A Hovel

If Mandalay is a museum of Burma's lost glory, it is at least a *living* museum. In a dilapidated old house, with its ceilings falling in, I found a deaf old man of eighty living with his aged wife. The old man was the Pyinmana Prince—one of the four of King Mindon's many sons to survive the great massacre of 1879, in which King Thibaw, following traditional practice, removed all possible rival claimants to the Lion Throne—and, incidentally, at last brought about Britain's advance into Upper Burma.

I found the old man scribbling over a headline in the pro-Communist Mandalay newspaper, *Ludu*—"The People." The headline, in circular Burmese script, told of the arrival of JOHN BULL's correspondent in Mandalay. The old man was changing "John Bull" to "John Cow." When the British had taken Upper Burma, he explained, they had given three solemn undertakings. First, not to interfere in the Buddhist religion; second, to look after the Burmese Royal Family; third, to succour and protect the poor of the land. But, he complained, in 1942 we had scuttled off in a hurry and the Japanese had arrived. And now, far from protecting the Royal Family, we had allowed the new Burmese Government to cut down their pensions. Therefore, the old man giggled, "John Cow."

Fate certainly had not been kind to the royal couple in their declining years. A bombing attack in the war had robbed them of almost everything save what they stood up in. Their lands were now in insurgent hands. The forty oil-wells at Yenyanyaung, of which the Prince was hereditary proprietor, were no longer operated by the oil company. And now, the government had slashed their pensions.

The King Was Dismayed

An old servant coming into the room went down on her knees before the Prince, shuffling along in a *shiko*. Few people *shikoed* in Burma any more. For the world had moved on apace since King Mindon, the King of the World, the Centre of the Universe, the Source of All Greatness, seeing for the first time an accurate map of the world, had been so dismayed and surprised at Burma's insignificance that his courtiers had had to assure him that the map was wrong.

Yet, in 1952, Burma was still groping towards its rightful place in the world, a place which was to be found now neither in Rangoon nor in Mandalay, but which still lay, perhaps, suspended somewhere in between, in a nothingness which was not, however, Buddha's Nirvana.

In a later article Harry Hopkins will describe his journey to the northern frontier of Burma

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23" 35"	23" 35"	24" 36"	24" 36"	26" 38"
24" 36"	24" 36"	26" 38"	26" 38"	28" 40"
	26" 38"	26" 36"	28" 40"	30" 42"
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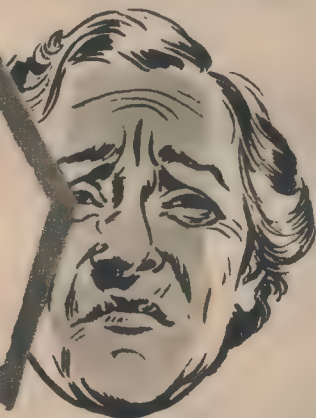
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MY LIFE OF FIDDLING AND FOOLING

Continued from page 9

been decided not to sign me for next season. I was heartbroken, but as I walked away, biting my lip, he said: "Never mind, son. What you've got in mind for yourself may give you a better and a longer living than this ever would." He was referring to my violin, which I practised assiduously.

Now that my dreams of being a great footballer were shattered, I solaced myself with the violin. I first played in a "classical" orchestra, just amateurs amusing ourselves. It was on Sundays at the home of an old school chum, George Johnstone. We played *Poet and Peasant* and other such overtures. Afterwards George's mother used to put on a wonderful tea. To be truthful, that tea was one of the reasons I joined in. George was always pleased to see me, particularly when I brought my sister, Lena. They hit it off so well that he later proposed, and is now my brother-in-law.

Joined A Dance Band

George's father was just taking up the saxophone, a new instrument then in the dance world, and one day he said to me: "You know, I've an idea I could get you a few odd 'gigs' in a dance band if you'd like to have a go."

"Gigs" meant engagements to play dance music on a freelance basis in one of the many local bands. The leader of the band George had in mind was a friendly soul named Sam Bonner. Sam looked me over. I could have hugged him when he said: "All right, lad, you can have a try-out date next Thursday. Seven o'clock at Walton Co-op, and don't be late."

The trial was satisfactory and Bonner put me on his books. Now I really was in clover—an average of three "gigs" a week, and football all day. Sam started me at 5s. and then put me up to 12s. 6d. for playing between 8 p.m. and 11 p.m.—a three-hour stint. If I played from eight o'clock to midnight, it was 15s., while for a slap-up "ball," lasting until two in the morning, the fee was a guinea!

But the business had its quota of excitement, not to say risk. The functions for which we provided the melody were not always what one might term "classy." Strange things used to happen, rows were not infrequent, and when the arguments got really fierce, glasses and bottles used to fly. Patrons who an hour or two beforehand had been gently gliding round the floor in a dreamy waltz were apt to indulge in a rough-house, where it was free for all, and the musicians were forced to take evasive action.

I Wasn't A Mug

I was still drawing the dole money, although, of course, you were not supposed to earn anything else while you were getting the dole. But I was not going to be a mug. I used to sit at the back of the band. The leader thought I was rather modest, but I wasn't—I was just hiding in case any of the labour exchange clerks were dancing round the floor.

One night I caught sight of one of them, and spent the whole dance hiding behind my violin. Next day, when I went to draw my dole, he was sitting, baggy-eyed, behind his desk. "How do you feel?" I asked him.

"Shocking. I was dancing till two o'clock this morning," he answered. He didn't have to tell me. I had seen him. But luckily he hadn't seen me. This was not very commendable, but it was very nice.

But my parents were a bit upset about it. "What's happening to our Charlie?" they would say. "Going to pieces—that boy." I could see the red light, and I knew that sooner or later I had to find a regular job.

Just then, one of my friends came up with what sounded like a brilliant idea. "How would you like to go to America?" he asked.

"America—what are you talking about?" I asked him.

"Well, my uncle is a shore steward for the Cunard Line and they're looking for third-class stewards who can

play a musical instrument," he replied. The idea was that, although the company provided an orchestra for the first- and second-class passengers, there was no orchestra for the third-class passengers, so they could kill two birds with one stone.

"What kind of a job?"

"Oh, very easy. They give you something silly to do, you know. You do a bit of work now and again and play in the dance band at night."

"Well, when do we start?" I asked.

"Will your people let you go?"

"Well, my father's a steward himself and is away at sea, and I can soon talk my mother into it," I assured him. And although mother was terribly upset about it at first, I did talk her into it; and I duly turned up to be signed on. Then I made the terrible discovery that the fellow who introduced me to this lark was not vaccinated and could not go. I was left alone, signing the papers.

After that I was caught up in a mad, hurried sequence of events, too dazed to do anything about it—even if it had been possible. So there I was, clutching my suitcase in one hand and my violin-case in the other; bound for a new world and feeling small and frightened.

One grey day in April, 1926, *Samaria* sailed out of the Mersey for Boston and New York; and I very soon found that what my friend had said about this easy job was just a pipe dream. They really expected me to work! And there's no back door to a ship—once you're there you are caught.

They put me in the galley. I took one look at the stack of dirty, greasy dishes and felt my stomach turn. I tried to wash some of them, but the rich, steamy smell and the movement of the ship made me green.

A Ruse That Failed

After four or five hours of this I felt I could stick it no longer. I must get out of it, I thought in desperation, even if I have to stage a faint. Having chosen a suitable spot where I could fall neatly and without doing myself any damage, I collapsed as if someone had hit me on the head with a pole-axe. It was, I thought, a most convincing performance—and the words, "Crikey—he's passed out!" sounded like applause. I heard one of the men say: "Well, what are you waiting for? Take him to the sick bay."

Now it won't be long, I thought. I should soon be lying peacefully between cool sheets. But I made the one fatal error. I forgot that when a patient is genuinely unconscious his eyes turn upwards as though they're looking through the top of his head. When the doctor gently turned back my eyelid he saw a very wide-awake eye gazing apprehensively into his.

"This man's foxing," he snorted. "There's nothing the matter with him." Fifteen minutes later I was back again in the galley.

As each hour dragged by it seemed more and more clear that I had made a ghastly mistake. Sleeping, for instance. I had one of eight bunks in the "glory-hole." This was practically over the propellers, and the noise was

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Fuss about nothing

NOTHING wastes energy and emotion more than to harp on the non-essential. Just notice how many people—including yourself—fuss and worry and get angry about things that really don't matter at all!

Very few things are worth a great expenditure of emotion. Before you indulge in it, make sure you're looking at your facts without squinting.

by **ROFFE THOMPSON**



"Suppose we find it—then what?"

deafening. In time, of course, one became used to the din, and when I finally got back to my bed at home I couldn't get to sleep for the silence.

Then I was "promoted." One of the stewards fell and cut his hand badly. As "first reserve" I was ordered to change my cook's trousers and apron for the steward's uniform I had bought in a second-hand shop in Liverpool. My first assignment was to look after the needs of eight very large and very hungry Irish emigrants.

Needless to say, my table was always the last to finish. A skilled steward can manipulate a number of plates with ease, but one hot soup-plate at a time was all I could handle, and that only by changing it over from hand-to-hand to save my fingers from being burned. The result was that by the time I had brought soup for the second person, the first one had already finished and the rest sat there with their tongues hanging out.

The picture was summed up pithily by the chief steward. As I was making my third or fourth trip from the galley to my table he hissed into my ear: "What the hell do you think this is—an egg-and-spoon race?"

By the end of the day I was ready to drop, but it seemed that there were other duties to be done before I could sleep. The saloon had to be washed down and, as if this was not enough, we were also responsible for keeping the sanitary arrangements in order.

The third-class chief steward lined us up and said to me: "Have you got a shooting gallery?" I didn't know what he meant and I said: "No, sir, I'm not much good with a rifle." The other stewards burst into fits of laughter. A shooting gallery turned out to be a six-seater toilet, which it was my job to look after.

Full Of Dodges

That was not what I had bargained for, but I got it nice and clean and shining and beautiful—and then I thought of a very cunning scheme. I found an old screen which I placed over the door and hung a card on it which said "Out of Order." I used to whip this screen out of the way before inspection. I got away with it for a couple of days and then somebody found out. I disclaimed all knowledge of it, but I think they knew because they said: "Don't try any of that funny stuff again."

The stewards were full of dodges. One old hand would put his own shoes outside a cabin-door with those of the passenger—and some unfortunate colleague would innocently give them a first-class polish. One victim tumbled to this, and got more than his own back by nailing the shoes firmly to the deck. They were torn into shreds as he picked them up.

Even when I had finished for the day there was no chance of a rest. Just as I was settling down on my second night afloat, a face appeared at the door of the "glory-hole" and I heard a voice: "Come on, you—where's your

violin?" And off I would go every night to play dance music for four hours while the rest of my less artistic shipmates were fast asleep.

Finally, we arrived in New York. It was a proud moment for me when I walked down Broadway for the first time, resplendent in a mauve overcoat and a Liverpool bowler hat. You can almost tell which part of the country a man comes from by his bowler. The Birmingham hat is a conical hat. The Glasgow hat is a little, neat, slightly brimmed thing. The Liverpool bowler hat is like a crash helmet—a good solid job. You need it in Scotland Road on a dark night.

To make sure I looked American I had popped into a candy store and bought some chewing gum so that the locals would not know I was a visitor. But I had not gone twenty yards when a man stopped me. "Hallo, son," he said. "Which ship are you in?" So I looked at him and I said: "How can you tell?" He said: "Those bowler hats—so they're still making them the same shape in Liverpool!"

Whip Round For My Tip

My pay was £6 15s. a month and tips, which did not come to very much with my eight Irish emigrants. On the way back I had to wait on the table of a woman with several small children and another almost imminent. I used to run around picking those kids up, bringing them back to the table, trying to give them food and to serve her, all at the same time. It was awful.

And then, two days before we got to Liverpool; she lost her handbag with her money in it. "Blimey, there goes my tip!" I thought. Fortunately the passengers had a whip round for her, and someone said: "What about the steward?" so I got a tip after all.

I shall never forget how, when I went up to get my pay, the chief steward looked at me and said: "Well, Fiddler, you'll be back next trip?"

"Listen, next time I walk on to a boat this size I'm going to be a passenger," I replied. And that's how it was.

So I went back to playing the violin in Sam Bonner's band. One night, we were playing at a cinema when the vocalist's voice gave out. Sam was in a terrible state, so I said to him: "I'll sing in his place. Not the love songs, but I'll sing the popular ones."

That was the time when *It Ain't Going To Rain No Mo', No Mo'* was the big hit. I made up a few verses of my own, and the audience loved it.

I heard the reaction, the laughter and the applause, the lights were on me (it was only a crude spotlight from the cinema operator's box, but it was wonderful), and I thought: This is it! The manager spoke to me afterwards. "You know, son, you ought to take this up for a living—you've got the idea." It was all right saying "take it up for a living" but how on earth was I going to start?

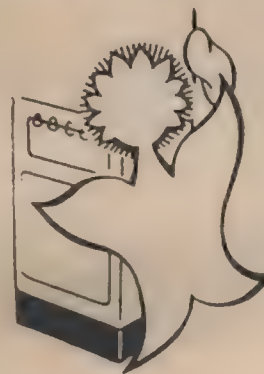
NEXT WEEK: Ted Ray—alias Nedlo, the Gipsy Violinist—becomes a good trouper

A cooker that's clean



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Brush the burners with a stiff brush. Remove any grease or burnt food from the holes with a pipe-cleaner.

saves you money and



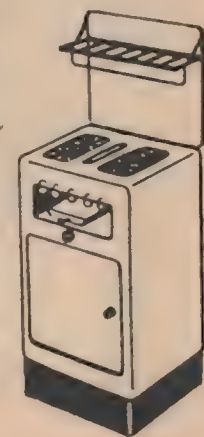
Give the frets of the grill a bath now and then in hot soapy water. This will reduce cooking smells in the kitchen.

'serves you right!'



After cooking, while the oven is still warm, wipe it with a damp cloth to remove any splashes of grease. Once a month take out the shelves and wash them, drying well.

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THERE'S A BRANCH IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 19

drowned an oil well? We struck it at approximately two fifteen this morning."

Trevedian laughed. "Be damned to that for a tale," he said.

"You know damned well it's true," Garry shouted. "Don't tell me you couldn't see what happened from here."

"I didn't see anything," Trevedian turned to the two guards. "Did you?" They shook their heads dutifully.

"They were with me when I gave the order to close the sluices," Trevedian added as he turned to face us, hardly troubling to conceal a slight smile. "We were naturally watching the rig to see that you all got clear of the water. We saw nothing unusual."

"By God!" Garry cried, "You dirty, crooked little liar! Don't ever let me get my hands on you or as sure as hell I'll wring your neck."

"It seems I was right in insisting on police protection up here," Trevedian smiled and glanced at his watch again. "Better get your things clear of the ranch buildings now, Wetheral," he said. "I'm going to finish flooding." He turned away, the policeman following him.

We rode back to the ranch-house to salvage what we could. We loaded Boy's vehicles with all our kit and movable equipment and drove them up to the edge of the timber. Jean and I harnessed the horses to an old wagon we found and in this way I managed to get some of my grandfather's belongings out. And then, as the rain slackened and a misty sun shone through, we made camp in the shelter of the trees and drank hot tea and watched the water creep slowly up to the ends of the barns and then trickle in clutching fingers round the back of the ranch-house. By midday the place my grandfather had built with his own hands was a quarter of a mile out in the lake and the water was up to the windows. For five miles there was nothing but water flecked with white as the wind whipped across it.

It was the end of the Kingdom.

That night, my feet and hands were swollen and painful and my heart was thudding against my ribs. I felt exhausted and drained of all energy. They made me a bed in the back of Boy's instrument truck and though I was reasonably comfortable, I lay awake half the night, feeling certain that now my time was up and the end had at last come. I slipped off into a sort of coma. Sometimes, when I awoke, Jean was there, holding my hand; sometimes I was alone. The moon was bright and by craning my head I could just see out of the back of the truck and get a glimpse of the lake that now filled the Kingdom. The ranch-house had disappeared completely, swallowed by the waters. There was no sign left that my grandfather had ever been in the country.

NEXT morning, I felt better but very tired. I slept intermittently and once Boy came and sat beside me and told me he had been over to the dam and had phoned Trevedian from the control room. We were to have the trucks at the hoist by midday tomorrow. Then I slipped off to sleep again and slept right through to the following morning.

After breakfast, we started out towards the dam. The going was very rough, for the water forced us up into the rock-strewn country at the foot of the mountains. It was well after midday by the time we reached the barbed wire. There was nobody on the dam or up at the concrete housing of the hoist. The whole place seemed strangely deserted. We hung about for a time, blowing on the horns and shouting to attract attention. But nobody came and in the end we found a join in the wire, rolled it back and drove the vehicles through. I had taken the precaution of hiding all the rifles under a pile of bedding. The Luger I had slipped into my pocket. The drillers, exhausted and despondent, were in an ugly mood. It only wanted a crack or two from some of the men working on the power house at the bottom of

the hoist and there would be trouble. I was taking no chances of it coming to shooting.

We took the vehicles and the cart straight up to the cable terminal. There wasn't a soul there. Boy went down to the dam and disappeared down concrete steps into the bowels of it. We stood and stared at the dam, a little bewildered and, I think, even then, with an odd sense of waiting for something. The silence was uncanny. The dam was a flat-topped battlement of concrete flung across the cleft that divided the peaks of Solomon's Judgment. It was smooth and curved with clean, fresh lines as yet unmarked by weather. On the Thunder Valley side, it sloped down like a great wall into the gloom of the cleft. From where we stood, we couldn't see the bottom. It gave me the feeling that it went on dropping down indefinitely till it reached the slide two thousand feet below. On the other side, the lake of the Kingdom swept to within a yard or so of the top. The wall of concrete seemed to be leaning into the lake, as though straining to hold the weight of the water in check. It was hot in the sunshine as we waited and the air was still, the water lying flat and sultry like a sheet of metal. The noise of water running was the only sound that broke the utter stillness.

Boy came up out of the smooth top of the dam and climbed towards us, a puzzled frown on his sun-tanned face. "Not a soul there," he said.

"And all the sluices are fully open." "Isn't there a phone down in the control room?" Jean asked.

Boy nodded. "I tried it, but I couldn't get any answer."

We stood there for a moment, talking softly, wondering what to do. At length Garry said, "Well anyway, the cage is here. We'd better start loading the first truck."

As Don moved towards the instrument truck, there was a sudden splintering sound and then the noise of falling stone. It was followed by a faint shout half-drowned in a roar of water. Then a man came clambering up the sides of the cleft. He was one of the engineers and he was followed by the guards and another engineer. They saw us and came running towards us. Their faces looked white and scared.

"What's happened?" Garry called.

"The dam," shouted one of the engineers. "There's a crack. . . . It's leaking. . . . The whole thing will go any minute." He was out of breath and his voice was pitched high with fright.

We stared at him, hardly able to comprehend what he was saying—convinced only by the fear on his face.

"Can't you relieve the pressure?" Boy asked.

"The sluice gates are wide open already."

"Have you told them down below?" Steve Strachan asked him.

"No. The phone was bust in that storm the night before last. It's terrible. I don't know what to do. There are nearly a hundred men working down on the slide at the power house site. What can I do?" He stood there, wringing his hands hopelessly.

"What about the phone in the cable house?" I asked.

"I've tried it. There's no answer. There'll be nobody there until six this evening."

I looked at the lake. It was six miles or more across and in the centre it would be as deep as the dam was high—over two hundred feet. I thought of the men working down there on the slide, directly in the path of that great sheet of water if the dam collapsed.

The others were already scrambling down to have a look at the damage. I followed. Johnnie came slithering down with me. And from the top of the dam itself, we looked down the smooth face of it to a great jet of water fifty feet long and two or three feet across. It was coming from a jagged rent about half way down the dam face and all around the hole were great splintering cracks through which the water seeped. Down below, at the very foot of the dam, the sluice gates added their rush of water.

"It's that cement they used on the



original dam." Johnnie had to shout in my ear to make himself heard above the din of the water. "It was old stuff and it's cracking up. The goldarned fools!" He turned to the engineer. "Can't you go down and warn them?"

"There's nobody down there, I tell you," the engineer almost screamed. "Nobody hears the telephone. There's nobody to work the engine."

I was looking up towards the hoist, remembering the night Jeff and I had examined the cradle together to see if there was a safety device to get the cage down if the engine packed up. "How long before this dam goes?" I asked the engineer.

"I don't know. It may go any minute. It may last till we have drained the lake."

I called to Boy and together we climbed the side of the cleft to the hoist. Jean caught up with us just as I was climbing into the cage. "What are you going to do?" I was already looking up at the cradle, seeing what I needed to knock the pins out that secured the driving cable to it. Her hand gripped my arm. "No. For God's sake, darling. You can't. They'll be all right. They'll have seen that flow of water coming down—"

"If they have, then I'll stop the cage on the lip of the fault." I gently disengaged her fingers. "Don't worry," I said. "I'll be all right." She stared at me, her face suddenly white. I think she knew as well as I did that it was a remote chance that the men working down there would have noticed an increase in the flow of water from the dam. "Why you?" she whispered. "Why not one of the men who belong to the dam? It's their responsibility."

I TURNED away and climbed into the cage. I couldn't explain to her why it was better for me to go. "Hand me that bit of timber, Boy." He passed it up and I knocked the pins out. As the last one fell to the floor, I had my hand on the brake lever. The driving cable dropped free on to the rollers and the cage began to move. I hauled down on the lever and brought the bottom braking wheel into action, forcing the suspension cable up between the two travelling wheels.

"Okay, let's go," Boy said. I turned to find Jean clambering into the cage. "For God's sake," I cried. "I'm coming with you," Boy said. His face was white under his tan. "So am I," Jean said.

I stood there, looking at them, wondering how to get rid of them. It was crazy for more than one to go down. There was a rope on the end of the lever and a pulley in the floor. I slid the rope through the sheaves of the block. Then I called to Boy, "Get Jean

out of here. Pick her up and throw her out."

He nodded. I was still holding the rope. "Please go, Jean," I called to her. But she clung to the side and Boy picked her up, fighting her to get her hands clear, and then, leaning far out, he put her over the side. At that moment I let go the rope, caught him by the legs and tipped him over after her. As he fell, the cage began to move.

I turned quickly and caught up the rope, applying the brake gently, holding the cradle to a steady run along the cable. Looking back, I saw the two of them standing there, watching me. And away to the right, below them, was the great sweep of the dam, with the wall all scarred with cracks and the brown water spouting from the huge rent. I stared at it, wondering what it would be like up here, hanging in space, if the whole thing burst wide open, imagining the lake pouring through, thundering in a roaring mass only a few feet below my feet and then tumbling in a gigantic, fantastic fall over the lip of the fault.

Then the pylon on the top of the fault was coming towards me and I hauled on the rope, slowing the cradle up to walking pace. Thunder Valley opened out in front of me. I crawled up to the pylon and stopped. I could see the steep, timbered slopes of the valley, the glint of Beaver Dam Lake, but the rocks on the lip of the drop hid the slide. I inched past the pylon. The cradle tipped. I hauled on the rope. The rocks slid away below me and suddenly I was hanging in space and there far below me was the slide with the pylon and beyond it the concrete housing of the hoist.

It was all very minute and unreal. The only thing that was real was that ghastly, appalling drop and the fact that the only thing that prevented me crashing the full length of that snaking cable line was this crude brake. I felt my knees beginning to shake. I don't think I ever have been so frightened of anything in my life. For there below me the slide looked like an ant heap. Everywhere men were moving about, working on the foundations of the power house. I was committed to go down there and if the dam should burst. . . . The pylon and the cable housing stood right in the path of the flood. They would be swept away and the cable would swing loose. I should be dashed to pieces against the face of the fault.

It was probably only a few seconds that I hesitated there, not finding the courage to commit myself irrevocably to that awful drop; but it seemed an age. Then at last I eased the tension slightly on the rope and the cage dropped down from the lip, seemingly



"Pity! It appears the Hope of the Side must now retrace his steps—leaden-hearted, moist-eyed and dry-throated... Hawkins! Burn my batting average and pour out the Rose's! When fully refreshed I will challenge you to a desperate game of noughts and crosses!"



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to plunge sickeningly on the steep drop down the cliff face. Nervously, I strained at the rope till I was hardly moving. But as I gained confidence in the braking system, I let it move faster, so that soon I was past the steepest point and levelling out in a long glide towards the pylon on the slide top.

The pylon slid by and then I was running almost free to the concrete housing. Below me I saw men pausing in their work to look up at me, faces gleaming white in the sunlight. The heat from the rocks came up and hit me. The warm, resinous smell of the pines closed round me. It seemed impossible that disaster should hang over this peaceful scene. I shouted to them that the dam was breaking as I swung over their heads and they stared at me with vacant, uncomprehending expressions. And then I was past them and dropping down to the housing. I slid into it gently and climbed out and started back up the roadway to the site where they were working.

I reached a bunch of trucks unloading materials. I yelled to the men around them to get them moving back to the camp where they would be safe. "The dam's breaking up," I shouted to them. I climbed to the cab of the first truck and signalled to the men working on the site. "Get back to the camp!" I shouted to them at the top of my voice. "The dam's going. Get back to the camp!"

My voice seemed a thin reed in the vastness of the place. It was lost in the clatter of the concrete mixers and the din of metal on stone. But here and there men were stopping to stare at me. One or two dropped their tools and moved towards me. I kept on shouting to them, my throat dry with fear and the sweat running out of every pore.

And then Trevedian was there, shouting at them, telling them to get back to work and that there was nothing wrong with the dam.

He turned to me, his face dark with anger. "You get the hell out of here," he shouted.

The men had stopped, loitering uncertainly where they stood. I shouted to them again to get clear while they could. "Do you think I'd risk coming down the hoist on the brakes, leaving my friends up there, if the situation wasn't serious? There was a hole a yard wide halfway down the dam when I left. It will be a lot bigger now. Any minute the whole thing may collapse. The original structure was built of dud cement."

I glanced up again at the cleft. "Well, if you won't save yourselves, I can't help it. I've done my best." I jumped down from the truck and started to run. I thought that would get them moving. Trevedian thought so, too. I saw him glance quickly at the men. Doubt and uncertainty and the beginnings of fear showed in the faces of some of those nearest to me. He swung back towards me, started

forward to intercept me and then stopped. "Max!" His voice was sharp, domineering. "Max—stop him!"

I glanced quickly towards the timber. It was about fifty yards away and between me and it stood the huge, bear-like figure of Max Trevedian. He had already started forward, running towards me at a shambling run, his great arms swinging loose.

My hand touched the gun in my pocket. "Max!" I shouted. "For God's sake stay where you are." And as he came steadily on, my fingers closed over the butt of the gun. I took it out.

I raised the weapon slowly, took careful aim at his right leg above the knee and fired.

The report was a thin, sharp sound in the rock-strewn valley. Max's mouth opened, a surprised look on his face. He took two stumbling steps and then pitched forward on to his face and lay there, writhing in pain.

"You swine! You'll pay for this."

I swung round to find Trevedian coming at me. I raised the gun. "Get back," I said. And then, as he stopped, I knew I had the situation under control for the moment. "Now get out of here, all of you," I ordered. "Any man who's still around in one minute from now will get shot. And for God's sake see you find high ground. Now, get moving." To start them, I sent a bullet whistling over their heads. They turned then and made for the timber, bunched close together like a herd of stampeding cattle.

Only Trevedian and the man who was with him stood their ground. "Get your brother away to safety," I ordered.

He didn't move. He was staring at me, his eyes wide and unblinking.

"You must be crazy," he murmured.

"Don't be a fool," I snapped.

"Come on. Get your brother out of here. Every moment you delay—"

"Oh, go to hell," he shouted. "Come on, George." They started at a run for the cable terminal. For a second I considered firing, trying to stop them. But my fractional hesitation had put them out of effective range. Anyway, what the hell. Maybe he'd make it, and if he didn't. . . .

I turned away and went over to where Max lay with his body doubled up over a big splinter of rock. His face was bloodless and he was unconscious. His right leg was twisted under him and blood was seeping on to the stones, a crimson splash in the sunlight. I got hold of him by the arms and began to drag him over the rocks. He was incredibly heavy. Every few yards I had to pause.

I heard the diesel start up and saw the cage move out of its staging. Trevedian still working on the cradle, tapping home the pins that locked the driving cable to it.

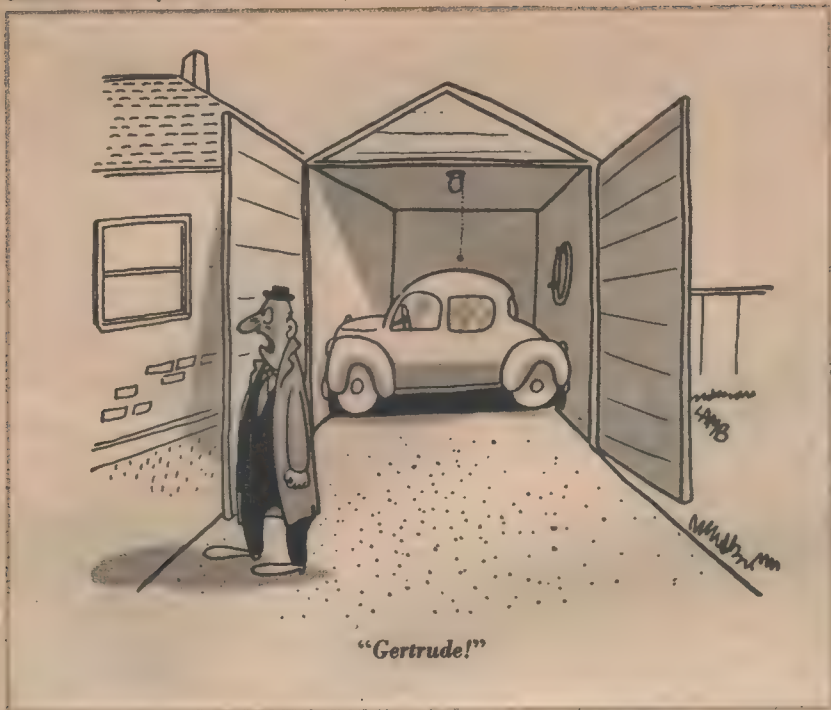
I suppose I was about halfway to the timber when I paused and glanced up once again at the cleft between the two peaks that towered high above us. The cage was half way up the face of

TAKE MY TIP

I USED a scrap of glasspaper and a cycle tyre repair outfit to mend a favourite—but leaky—watering can. With the glasspaper I rubbed off the rust and dirt round the holes. Then I stuck on the patches, just as though I was mending a punctured tyre. So far, the patches have lasted three years.—J. C. Adlam, Laverstock, Wilts.



JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



"Gertrude!"

the fault, a small box swaying gently on the spider's silk of the cable. And then my eyes lifted to the pylon at the top and suddenly all my body froze. A solid wave of water and rock burst from the lip of the cliff. The pylon vanished, smothered and swept away by it. And as the water spouted outwards over the cliff edge, a distant rumbling reached my ears. It went on and on, sifting down from above, echoing from slope to slope and from the face of the cliff. I remember seeing the cage sway violently and watching the brown flood fall with slow deliberation down the fault, frothing and spouting great gouts of white as it thundered against ledges and outcrops, smashing away great sections of the rock face with its force, flinging them outwards and down. And I stood there, rigid, unable to move, fascinated and appalled by the spectacle.

A shattering roar filled the whole valley as that monstrous fall of rock and water hit the base of the fault and came thundering on in a mighty, surging wall down the slide. I saw the pylon at the top of the slide smashed to rubble and I remember how the cable suddenly broke and the cage began to swing slowly in towards the cliff. And then I was suddenly running, climbing desperately towards the timber. I heard the angry thunder of those pent-up waters crash down the valley behind me and then the swirling fringe of it reached out to me, sent a line of trees crashing as though cut by a great scythe, caught at my legs and buried me in a frothing cloud of water.

I struck out madly, reaching up towards the surface, gasping for breath. Then I was flung against something and all the breath was knocked out of my body. Pain ran like a knife up my right leg. Something swirled against me and I clutched at it, felt the soft texture of clothing and hung on. Max. The water sank, my feet touched ground and, as pain shot through me again, almost blacking me out, I began to crawl, dragging Max as best I could, crawling away from water. . . .

I WAS in a room; a small room with the blinds drawn against the sunlight. There was a movement beside me and a hand closed over mine. I turned then and saw Jean bending over me. Her face was pale and drawn; but her eyes smiled at me. "Better?"

I nodded, trying to accustom myself to the surroundings, to her presence. It was so quiet after the roar of the waters. I tried to move my body, but I seemed weighed down. My right leg was wooden and solid, my chest stiff and painful. It hurt to breathe and I had to force myself to speak. "I'm in hospital, aren't I?" I asked her.

She nodded. "Don't talk. And don't worry. You're all right. You've broken a leg, a collar bone and three

ribs. The doctor says you'll be fine in a week or two."

"And Max?"

"Fractured skull and his left arm's broken. But he'll be all right. There's a bullet wound in his leg, but it's not serious." Her hand reached out, touched my forehead and then her fingers were sliding through my hair in a caress. "Don't worry, darling. Everything's going to be all right."

I lay back and closed my eyes. I felt very sleepy. Her voice seemed a long way away. My mind was drugged. Her voice got fainter and fainter. She was saying something about the rig, about newspaper men, about them knowing now that we'd struck oil. It didn't seem important any more and her voice faded entirely as I slid into sleep again.

WHEN next I woke, the room was light. A nurse was standing by the bed holding a breakfast tray. "Well, how's the great oil man this morning?"

I stared at her and she laughed. "You don't imagine anybody's discussing the international situation with you here in town, do you?" She put the tray down on a bed table and swung it across me. "Now, you stay quiet and eat that egg. It's time you got some food inside you. And I brought you the papers so that you can read all about yourself. Dr. Graham said he reckoned that was about the best tonic for you he had in the hospital. And here's a letter for you."

I took the envelope and slit it open. Inside was a single sheet of paper, most of which was filled with signatures. The letter was very brief and as I read, my eyes blurred.

*The Golden Calf,
Come Lucky,
B.C.*

Dear Mr. Wetheral,

This letter, signed by all of us who were working on the site of the power station, is to tell you how grateful we all are to you. If you had not risked your life and come down the hoist to warn us, not one of us would be alive today. We sure are sorry that you are in hospital because of this and wish you a speedy recovery. We will do what we can to express our gratitude and in the meantime we would like you to know that you can count on the undersigned at any time to do anything to assist you.

There followed three columns of signatures, spreading over on to the back—names that were of Polish, French, Italian and Chinese origin as well as English. I looked up at the nurse. "What day is it?" I asked her.

"Friday."

And the Kingdom had been flooded on Tuesday. "I've been out a long time," I murmured.

"Not as long as you will be if you

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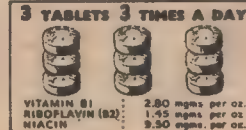
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My Favourite Salad

BY VALERIE HOBSON
(Not illustrated)

Cheese, bacon and garden salad Prepare a bed of cos lettuce. Sprinkle quite heavily with Parmesan or other grated cheese. Lay strips of cold-crisp bacon across. Then cover with finely chopped raw vegetables such as endive and celery, grated carrots, uncooked baby peas, etc., which have been mixed with a salad dressing and cream cheese. Garnish with chopped dates and sultanas.

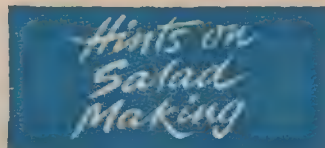
from "202 Ways of Making a Salad" by Bebe Daniels & Jill Allgood

Valerie Hobson

MAKE YOUR OWN HORS D'OEUVRES

Choose any four or five of the following, and arrange small portions of each attractively on individual plates: sardines, sliced egg, diced beetroot, grated raw carrot, sliced tomato, gherkins, chopped or whole, stuffed olives, spring onions, anchovies, peeled shrimps, sweet corn, thinly sliced cucumber, radishes, herring rolls, cold flaked fish, baked beans, potato salad, cooked diced vegetables, peas.

Arrange the ingredients round the plate, as shown above, with a small portion of Kraft Salad Cream in the centre.



BY THE KRAFT HOME COOK

Lettuce isn't the only kind of green-stuff you can use for salads! Try shredded cabbage or shredded brussels sprouts instead.

It's a Continental idea—to rub your salad bowl with a clove of garlic before you mix the salad in it. A faint tinge of garlic prevails.

A delicious lunch dish—green salad with sliced tomatoes and grated cheese, topped with Kraft Salad Cream.

Cartwheel Salad

We started with a large, round platter—blue, to show off lettuce and tomatoes to very best advantage. Next, the inner leaves of lettuce, crisp, pale green and delicately curled. In each cup (the number would depend upon your guests) place a tomato, top sliced off, piled with chopped cheese and olives. Lastly, the hub—a new idea from America—Kraft Salad Cream served in a small blue bowl for guests to help themselves! Surround the bowl with a wreath of watercress and Cartwheel Salad's made!

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don't get some food inside you," she said as she went out.

As I ate my breakfast, I read through the papers. They were full of the disaster. But there was the story of the well we had brought in, too—in interviews with Garry and Johnnie, and in one of them a long feature article headed: THERE'S OIL IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. The writer was Steve Strachan and in it he acknowledged the quotation as belonging to Stuart Campbell and made it clear that the old man was now completely vindicated. I put the paper down and lay back, suddenly completely happy.

The doctor came in then. He gave my broken bones only a cursory examination and then started to go over me thoroughly, listening to my breathing, taking my blood pressure, listening to my heart beats, and all the time asking me questions. "What's the trouble, Doc?" I asked him.

"Oh, just a routine check-up."

But I knew this wasn't routine for a man with a broken leg and a few broken ribs. And when they wheeled in the X-ray apparatus, I knew he was on to the real trouble. "You're wasting your time," I said, and I told him what Maclean-Hervey's verdict had been.

He shrugged his shoulders and I bit my lip as they shifted me to get the screen and X-ray tube in position. "How did you know I'd got cancer?" I asked him.

"Jean Lucas told me," he answered.

"Jean!" I tried to turn, but a hand gripped my shoulder, steadying me.

WHEN they had finished the X-ray, they made me comfortable and trundled the equipment out. The doctor was not in the room, but he returned a few minutes later. "All right, Mr. Wetheral? I hope they didn't cause you too much pain moving you."

"No," I said. "It just seemed pointless, that's all."

He nodded and drew up a chair beside me. "Does it occur to you that for a man who was given two to six months to live way back in the spring you've been remarkably active lately?"

"There seemed no point in conserving energy," I murmured.

"No, no, of course not." He hesitated and then said quietly, "There have been cures, you know."

"Have there?" I looked at him, seeing his broad, rather serious features through a blur of pain as I shifted my position. "I thought cancer was incurable."

"Aye," He nodded. "It's incurable as far as the medical profession is concerned. But there are such things as spontaneous cures. We don't know the cause of them. I wish we did. Some change in the chemistry of the patient, maybe—or a psychological readjustment. Anyway, once in a while it happens."

He leaned forward, his large grey eyes peering down at me from behind the thick-lensed glasses. "I don't want to raise any false hopes. We'll know soon enough when they've developed those X-ray plates. There's just a chance, that's all."

There was a glint of excitement in his eyes now. It showed in his manner, in the way he spoke. "I can't believe a case as desperate as yours must have been when Dr. Maclean-Hervey gave you that verdict could have gone on for five months, living the way you have been, unless the condition had improved. There's no internal haemorrhage and no trace now of secondary anaemia. You've been eating well and instead of getting weaker, you've got stronger." He suddenly sat back, taking his glasses off and polishing them. "I shouldn't really have spoken to you about it. I should have waited till I had the X-ray results. But—" He hesitated and got to his feet. "It's a most interesting case, you see. I didn't want you to feel that I was taking the opportunity to examine a cancer growth." He smiled suddenly. "You must be about as obstinate a man as your grandfather, I guess. Anyway, I'll be back just as soon as I've got a picture of what's going on inside you."

He left me then and for a while I lay there, thinking over what he had

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THE reason I'm holding a riding whip in this horrible photograph of myself aged three and a half is that I had just been given a wooden horse as a toy.

We lived a quiet, satisfying country life on my father's 1,000-acre farm in Dorset. We were a large family, so large that when the sight-seeing coach-and-four used to come by from Bournemouth, the driver used to point to our house and say: "And in there are nine sons, all of them unmarried—here's your chance, ladies!" I was the youngest of the lot.

The greatest disaster which overtook me when a child was at a neighbouring farm, where we had gone to a party. I always had difficulty in keeping up with the others, and when they started running across the farmyard, I thought I would save time by cutting across what looked like firm ground. Instead, it turned out to be a pond of liquid manure, and I was in it up to my neck in half a minute. I was very frightened. They fished me out and bathed me



and gave me a new sailor-suit to wear, but I haven't forgotten that day and I never shall.

Once we went on a picnic to Sandbanks and I remember seeing the hut where they said an Italian named Marconi was making mysterious experiments in sending messages over to the Isle of Wight without wires. Naturally, I did not think this would ever have anything to do with me.

Since then, his has become a famous B.B.C. voice. For his name, turn to page 35

said. I felt suddenly restless. The mood of excitement I had seen reflected in the doctor's eyes had communicated itself to me. Almost unconsciously I reached for the papers and began reading Steve's article again. I was still reading it when the nurse showed Jean in. She was followed by Johnnie and Garry.

"We just looked in to say goodbye," Johnnie said. "Garry's off to Edmonton to see about a new rig and I'm going up to the Kingdom." He came and stood over me, his eyes narrowed as though he were looking straight into the sun, a lazy smile on his lined face. "You look pretty damn comfortable lying there, Bruce."

"What are you going up to the Kingdom for?" I asked him.

"Well, that's what I come to see you about, I guess." He rubbed his chin awkwardly. "You see, the boys who were working on the power station have got together and put up some dough. A few of them are coming up to the Kingdom with me and my two Americans to clear up Campbell's place and make it snug for the winter. The rest—" He hesitated. "Well, it's like this, Bruce, they came to me and asked what they could do about it. They're a decent bunch and they felt sort of bad about you lying here in hospital and all of them fit and well. I didn't know quite what to say, but I hinted you were figuring on settling down around this neighbourhood so they've decided to buckle to and build you a house down by the ford at the entrance to Thunder Valley. You know, the place we camped."

"But I couldn't possibly allow them to do that," I said. "They've got their living to—"

"Now listen, Bruce," he cut in. "They feel bad about this. It's their way of showing they're grateful to you. You just got to accept it. It's a sort of—" He glanced at Jean, and then said, "Well, anyway, they want to do it and nothing'll stop them, I guess." He moved awkwardly to the door. "I must be going now. You coming, Garry?"

The big drilling contractor nodded. "I just wanted to say I'm glad you're okay." He gripped my left hand. "And I'm proud to be associated with you." He coughed in embarrassment and added quickly, "I'll go down to Calgary and see Winnick. Things will begin to hum now. I'll tell him you'll be in to see him as soon as you can. I'll see you then and find out whether you want to sell out to one of

the big companies or whether you plan to develop the area yourself."

He turned quickly and went out, leaving me alone with Jean. She hadn't moved all the time they had been talking. She just stood by the bed, looking down at me. I glanced at her face. It was very pale and she seemed nervous. "You look much better," she said quietly, her eyes sliding away from mine. "Dr. Graham's very pleased with you."

"What's Boy doing?" I asked, shying away from the direct question that was in my mind.

"He stayed on up in the Kingdom." She hesitated. "I think he'll settle in this area now. He's always loved it here."

An awkward silence fell between us. She moved towards the window. "Did Dr. Graham say anything to you?" She had turned to face me.

I closed my eyes. She looked so cool and fresh and—radiant. "How did you know I had cancer of the stomach?" I asked.

"I don't believe you have. Nobody could do the things you've done—"

"How did you know I had it?" I interrupted her.

"Sarah Garret told me."

I STARED at her, speechless. I had told Sarah Garret when she had given me the gold, but on condition that it must remain a secret between us and that on no account was Jean to know. "She shouldn't have told you. I told her because—" What was the use of talking about it? I felt tired now. "Please, Jean," I whispered. "Leave me. Let me go to sleep now." There was no sound in the room, only a tense silence. Then I heard her move. "Not until I've said something," she said gently. I opened my eyes to see her bending over me. A shaft of sunlight touched her hair, rimming her face in gold. Her hand touched my face, smoothing my forehead. "I'm not leaving you, Bruce. Whether you marry me or not doesn't matter, but you'll just have to get used to having me around."

I stared up at her for a moment and then closed my eyes. I think I wanted to hold the memory of her face, that little smile that spread up into the eyes.

She bent over me and her lips touched mine. Her fingers touched my temple and then I heard her footsteps cross the room. The door closed and I was alone. I lay there, feeling relaxed

and happy. I wasn't afraid of anything now. I wasn't alone. Even the pain seemed dull as I sank slowly into a deep sleep.

It is winter now and the mountains lie under a white mantle of snow. I am writing this, sitting at the desk my grandfather made. Johnnie brought it down from the Kingdom with him. Through the window I look across a clearing in the cottonwoods to the ford where the waters of Thunder Creek glide swift and black to the lake. Some day that clearing will be a garden. Already Jean has a library of gardening books sent out from England and is planning the layout. We are full of plans—plans for the house, plans for the development of the Kingdom, plans for a family. It is just wonderful to sit back and plan. To plan something is to have a future. And to have a future is to have the whole of life.

As I sit here now, the sense of a miracle is still strong in me. Dr. Graham was right. The X-ray pictures showed no trace of a cancer growth. How it happened nobody seems to know. I can only quote the letter I received from Dr. Maclean-Hervey:

Dear Mr. Wetheral,

Dr. Graham has sent me full details of your case, together with the X-ray photographs he has had taken. I can only say I entirely agree with his view that there is now no trace of cancer and that you are completely cured.

You must be wondering now whether I was correct in my original diagnosis. For your benefit, I am sending Dr. Graham copies of the X-rays taken at the London Hospital on April 17. You might like to frame one of the pictures side by side with Graham's X-ray as a reminder that you have confounded the experts! I need hardly add that I am delighted that you have.

Dr. Graham will doubtless have told you that occasionally cases of spontaneous cure do occur in cancer. The causes are not known and the instances are few. In your case I am inclined to the view that it may be largely psychological. You underwent a sudden and complete change of environment, coupled with the acquisition of an intense interest—or, since I understand you have recently got married, I should perhaps say interests. This, together with the fact that you became involved in a struggle outside yourself, may well have given you an overwhelming interest in living which you had not before. All this is not strictly within orthodox medicine, but in a case of this sort it is necessary to look beyond the laboratory and the operating theatre. It is perhaps nearer to the miracle than to medicine.

Finally, may I say how happy I am to be able to record in this instance a complete reversal of my expectations. It is cases like yours that place our medical achievements to date in their proper perspective and give to the profession that desire to go on searching diligently for the cure to a terrible disease. I wish you every success.

Yours sincerely,

Douglas Maclean-Hervey.

On the wall behind me is a big frame, a sort of montage of pictures and documents. There are the X-ray photographs, before and after, Maclean-Hervey's letter, a picture of Campbell Number Two before it blew in, a photograph of the dam, the original of my grandfather's will and the document signed by Roger Fergus returning to me the mineral rights of Campbell's Kingdom. There in that frame is the whole story of the last six months. Now I have put it down on paper. What the future has in store, I do not know. What does it matter? The great thing is to have a future. We will begin drilling operations in the Kingdom as soon as the snows melt. Maybe I'll end up a millionaire. But all the money in the world cannot buy what I have now.

THE END

"Campbell's Kingdom," the Book Society choice for July-August, is published in book form this month by Collins, price 10s. 6d.

SHAWNEE RAID

Continued from page 16

house. Well in her heart she knew who that man would be. When the time came that it was life or death, the captain would ask none of his men for the sacrifice. He would go himself.

She watched him now, standing at his post by the front door, firing tirelessly through the broken side panels, a hearty word of encouragement coming from him for the men. He was their tower of strength. Even across the room she could feel the strong will that had opposed her. Now she felt only comfort in it.

Kirsty stood there stolidly thinking this thing through. No man should go, she told herself, least of all the captain. Besides, she, Kirsty McCullough, was the one who had got them all into this. If she hadn't come back for the child and then stubbornly stayed, none of them would probably be here now. The place would still be abandoned.

During a raid on the front, she climbed over the stacked furniture and managed to get the back door open. The open ground and sky and the bright afternoon sun seemed to hit her with the impact of a bullet. She knew well enough that the savages would have a lookout posted back here, but for the moment, at least, no lead or arrow came. Walking as straight and free as if no enemy existed, she reached the back stone wall and passed through the gate and by the fresh graves unharmed. The next moment she was in the shelter of the surrounding woods.

ONCE in the heavy brush and trees, she ran quickly to the south. After crossing the race from the furnace, she followed around by the furnace hill and through the back door of the ore house. Only a small pile of ore was left after the stoking, and her hands soon came on the keg. It was too heavy to pick up and run with. Breaking in the head with a rock of red ore, she filled her apron with the bitter-scented stuff, and tied it in a sack.

Not until then did she realize why there had been no shot from the unseen lookout. Glancing up, she saw a top-knot, then a painted face come as far as the eyes around the ore-house door. She realized he had seen her all the time and had held his fire only to follow and see what she was up to. Picking up her apron sack, she dodged through the door to the stoking-room. She thought to run down the long steps to the office and get out that way. But she forgot that the tall wooden flights had been burned. Once in the stoking-room, she had no place to go. The savage knew it. He stood in the doorway, a clouted, almost-naked figure with a stolen belt and bullet pouch over one shoulder. To show his contempt for her, he threw his rifle down and took his tomahawk.

As yet, Kirsty had no notion to let herself be overwhelmed with fear. Never had she met the man, white or red, she would knuckle to. But she thought it well to set down her precious apron quickly in an empty ore wagon, a kind of hand-cart for bringing ore and limestone to the tunnel head, and safely away from the blast of furnace flame. When she swung up, she had a stoking shovel in her hands.

"Come on with your wee axe!" she dared him, and when he stepped towards her craftily, she drew him farther and farther inside the stoking-room, then sprang at him with her tool. Her force was so great she knocked the hatchet from his hand, and before he could recover it, she was on him again, beating him with the shovel blade.

"So you think a woman's a weak creature!" she cried at him.

Bruised and bleeding, the Shawnee came back, catching at her shovel. Too late, she saw the handle had been split. While they fought for possession of it, the ash wood gave way in her hands. At once he seized her and started to drag her towards his tomahawk by the tunnel head. Kirsty fought back violently.

That was the time she wished to God that savages wore clothing. Then she could hope to hold this devil away from his weapon. Her hands kept slipping

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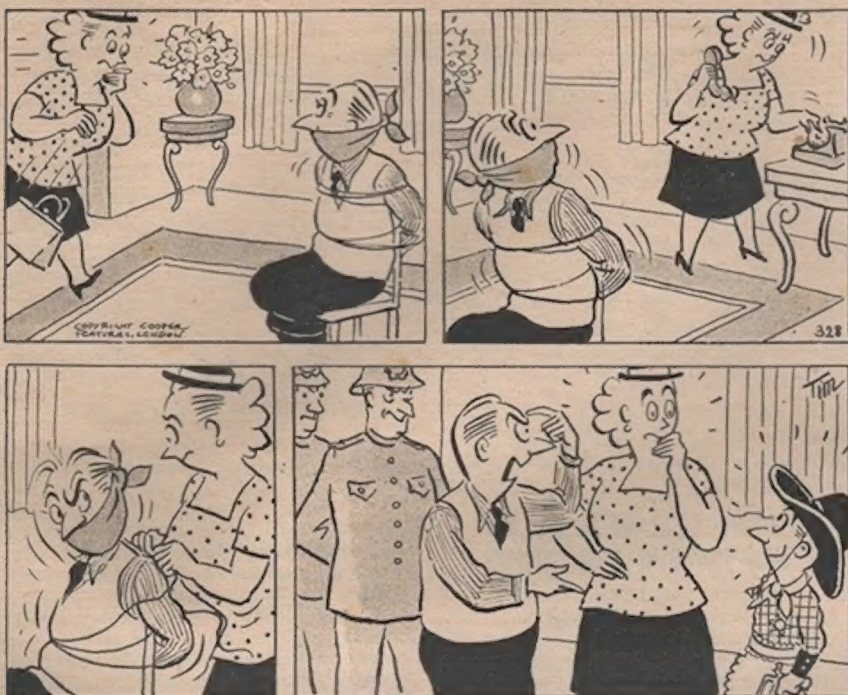
**'THREE
THREES'**

CIGARETTES

10 for 1/9 20 for 3/7

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



from his naked flesh, slimy with blood and sweat. His shaved head and short topknot gave her little hold, while her own hair was her greatest handicap. Her braids were long since down, and the savage held on to them with one hand, as if never to let go till he had them swinging from his belt. Oh, her long red hair would be a prize for him, she knew, and she made up her mind that never would she let him have it.

Now, as she tore at him, he made the most horrible grunts and hisses to frighten her. Already his fingers were reaching for the hatchet. Now she saw that his hand had managed to touch the handle. It would be only seconds until his fingers could settle around it.

But in those few seconds something on one of those fingers caught her eye. The noisy draught of heat and fumes from the tunnel head was extremely close, and the steady blast, blowing from the stack and up through the hole in the stoking-chamber roof, was mingled with fire. By the light of that fire, Kirsty glimpsed a ring set with a peculiar greenish stone she knew so well. Often had she seen that ring on the hand of Martha, the stout Chalmers cook. To her mind came the memory of poor Martha as she had found her on the kitchen floor, her ring-finger chopped off, her hair horribly gone.

So this, Kirsty thought, was Martha's murderer. She had believed herself spent, about beaten, at the mercy of his power despite herself. Now a violent hate for this painted fiend swept over her. With a burst of strength, she wrenched herself free. She saw him bounding to his feet after her, tomahawk in his hand. Instantly, she swung an empty ore wagon between them. Ramming it at him, she caught him a little below the middle with such force that he crumpled over the end board. She kept on going. The consequences of her act were inescapable. Close behind him belched the open hell of molten charcoal, limestone and ore. The savage started suddenly to yell. But it was either his life or hers. One more surge with an upthrust of the handle and he was over the brink, going down. His scream abruptly ceased. Only the click of his hatchet sounded mutely against the inside of the stack's deep throat.

HER legs would hardly sustain her when first she tried to move. After a moment, she picked up her heavy apron and started back the way she had come. Half-way down the furnace hill, a savage, attracted by his companions' yells, shot at her. She could hear him shout a warning to his fellows as, running fast, she gained the woods. When she came out of it again by the fresh graves, several bullets sang about her and one cut through her skirt. As she ran for the back door of the mansion house, she could see from the corner of

her eye a savage near the summerhouse kneeling to draw a careful bead on her. Then somebody standing on watch within the door of the house picked him off.

That someone took the apron from her arms as she stumbled in. She looked up to the unreadable face of the captain. For a moment he stood looking down at her. Then he called the men to fill their empty powder horns. In her heart she knew it was as good as over. With water from the run at night and powder from the apron by day, they could stand the siege for a long time.

The following morning there was no sign of savages, not even dead ones. They must have dragged them back and buried them during the night, fleeing in the morning. As the day wore on, all was quiet again in the valley. Within the week, teams and men brought the supplies the captain had ordered at Freeburg on his way home. With them were the tardy military who had been engaged farther south. They said the savages were last heard of over the Alleghenies.

KIRSTY listened to them with mixed feelings. "When the teams go back, I'll go along, if they'll take me," she told the captain.

His eyes flashed at her sharply below his dark brows. "You can't run away like that," he said. "Mrs. Tomkins is going. Somebody has to stay with Hope."

Slow Scotch resentment rose in her. So he thought he could force her to stay! The child was safe and well now, and nothing would make her put up with what she had put up with before.

"I've already outstayed my time," she told him. "You won't have trouble finding a new girl. There'll be plenty coming here now again."

"Perhaps not. But a new wife, one already tried and found excellent, that's different," he said, flushing faintly and looking straight at her as he spoke.

She let the shock of that work out of her before she said anything. Was this some trick or was he making fun of her? Never had she seen him so mildly grave and gentle. But would he stay as mild and gentle as he was right now? Or would she have plenty to put up with later on?

But now she felt another thing, a pulling stronger than the words of the ironmaster. It was the house with the little girl, Hope, in it. Oh, she knew this would be no love match, but a marriage of convenience. Yet most folks started out with less than she'd have here—a house she had already patched and mended, a child beloved as her very own.

"This new wife that you speak about," Kirsty asked him sturdily, "how do you know she'll have you?"

However, even as she was saying it, she knew what her final answer would be.

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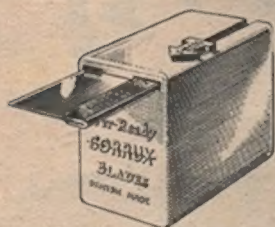
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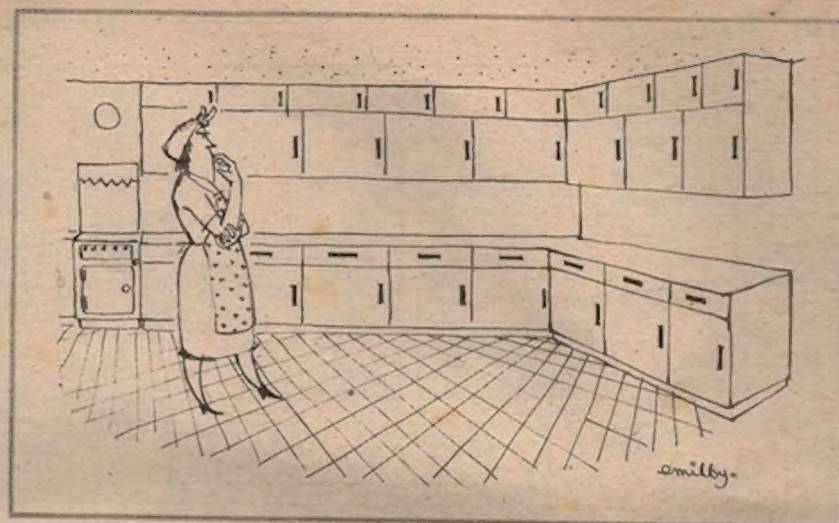


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BEING ELIZABETH ALLAN HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS

Continued from page 17

since related, "and asked him why we hadn't thought of Liz before."

This long-standing oversight, her friends agreed, was probably as much Liz's fault as the film-men's. A lanky, angular fatalist with a tomboyish love of games and a passion for tweeds and comfortable sweaters, she often gives the impression that she cares little about her career. "In fact," declares O'Bryen, "she's as keen as any of them. She just refuses to get worked up or unduly upset about anything in show business any more."

Nevertheless, the impression sticks: allied to her absence of vanity, her capacity for self-betittlement ("It's a long, long time since I filmed," she warned Pressburger) and for exaggerating her age ("You'd think she was sixty the way she talks sometimes," said a television studio manager recently), the fallacy has gone some way to cancelling out her natural charms and acting ability.

Some months ago, O'Bryen gave a dinner party to several associates. As hostess, Liz was looking her best in a V-necked evening gown, a three-tier necklace and the usual ear-rings (she has scores of pairs and hardly ever appears on television with the same set twice). "Even the least imaginative of us must have mentally marked her down for a film part," says one of those present. "But she would keep referring dryly to her 'vanished youth.'"

On another occasion, a group of Korda executives met at the O'Bryens' home for dinner to talk over a new film. They wanted an actress to take the leading rôle of a woman in her early forties, a housewife and business woman with glamour and a sense of humour. Not once did they look in Liz's direction, except in deference to her as hostess. "It did occur to me at one time during the conversation," Liz recalls, "that, with a bit of retouching, I might do. Then I realized it would be safer to forget the notion."

A Series Of Flops

Liz admits that she has been making gaffes for as long as she can remember. Some time ago, an American approached her at a theatrical party in London and said: "Remember me? I had a small part in *Ace Of Aces*." This was a film starring Elizabeth Allan, made in 1935. She did not recognize him, but pretended she did. "I knew parts were hard to come by—it was during the 1951 film slump—so I suggested I might be able to help," Liz relates. "Just at that moment Bill came up and introduced us." The stranger turned out to be the London chief of Warner Brothers.

At that period Elizabeth Allan herself was strictly unemployed, having done little since she starred in a series of West End flops in 1945 and 1946. For years before that—during the war—she had been forgotten, except by the men who went to her Forces' canteen at Thameshaven and the wounded she later visited in hospitals.

In those years of individual service she lived on capital. By 1944, the O'Bryens' resources had substantially

dwindled (Bill was in the Army) and Liz decided to earn some money. But, after her series of flops, she concentrated on being a real-life housewife and had plenty of time for her hobby, interior decorating. "It's no use weeping over things. Life is full of fits and starts," she once confided to a friend. For almost three years she went thus unnoticed—until that night, last August, when Jackson telephoned.

Since then, the trend of the past few years has been roughly reversed. She now has one of the biggest personal followings on television; an achievement, those closest to Liz believe, that has something to do with her experience of the extremes of fortune. "It's given her an 'extraordinary insight into human nature,'" says Jackson. "She is really curious about people—that's what makes her so effective in *What's My Line?*"

She Works On Intuition

To find what the challengers do for a living, panel members adopt different tactics and techniques. Gilbert Harding relies on erudition, and Marghanita Laski on a sharp intellect, but Elizabeth Allan works on intuition. Statistically and for entertainment value, it has come out best. In the first series of *What's My Line?* Liz not only had more successes than anyone else, but more spectacular ones, too.

Once a woman inventor had all but beaten them. With one question left, the panel went into conference. "We were baffled," says a member, "so we told Liz to guess." She looked straight at the woman, tapped a pencil against her teeth, then said smilingly, "An inventor?"

On another occasion a quiet-mannered man was introduced to the panel and Liz was to begin the interrogation. Instead of the usual leading question, however, she plunged. "Are you," she asked, "a bird-watcher?" He was. This success perturbed Jackson, who was currently faced with complaints from some viewers that the game was "fixed." After the programme he dashed into the studio to demand an explanation.

Everybody, including studio technicians, gathered round. "But Leslie," said Liz, gesturing with her hands, "he looked just like a bird." The crowd melted. "Nobody said a word," Jackson relates. "What could anybody say?"

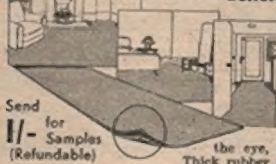
Youngest of six children of a Skegness doctor, Elizabeth Allan was born on April 9, 1910—and wanted to be an actress almost from infancy. At seventeen she got her first part, as Maria in *School For Scandal*. Hanneen Swaffer dubbed her "promising," and soon afterwards she went on tour at £2 10s. a week.

Finding the going hard on her frustrated imagination, Liz soon returned to London—to a barren spell in which she modelled and did crowd work. For clapping for one whole day in the studios she was paid a guinea.

The same day, O'Bryen, a sturdy, fair-haired young man, was pointed out to her. He was then the casting director. "He had the blonde star of the film on his knee," says Liz. "I decided there and then that if that was the only way

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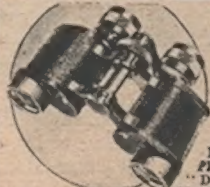
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